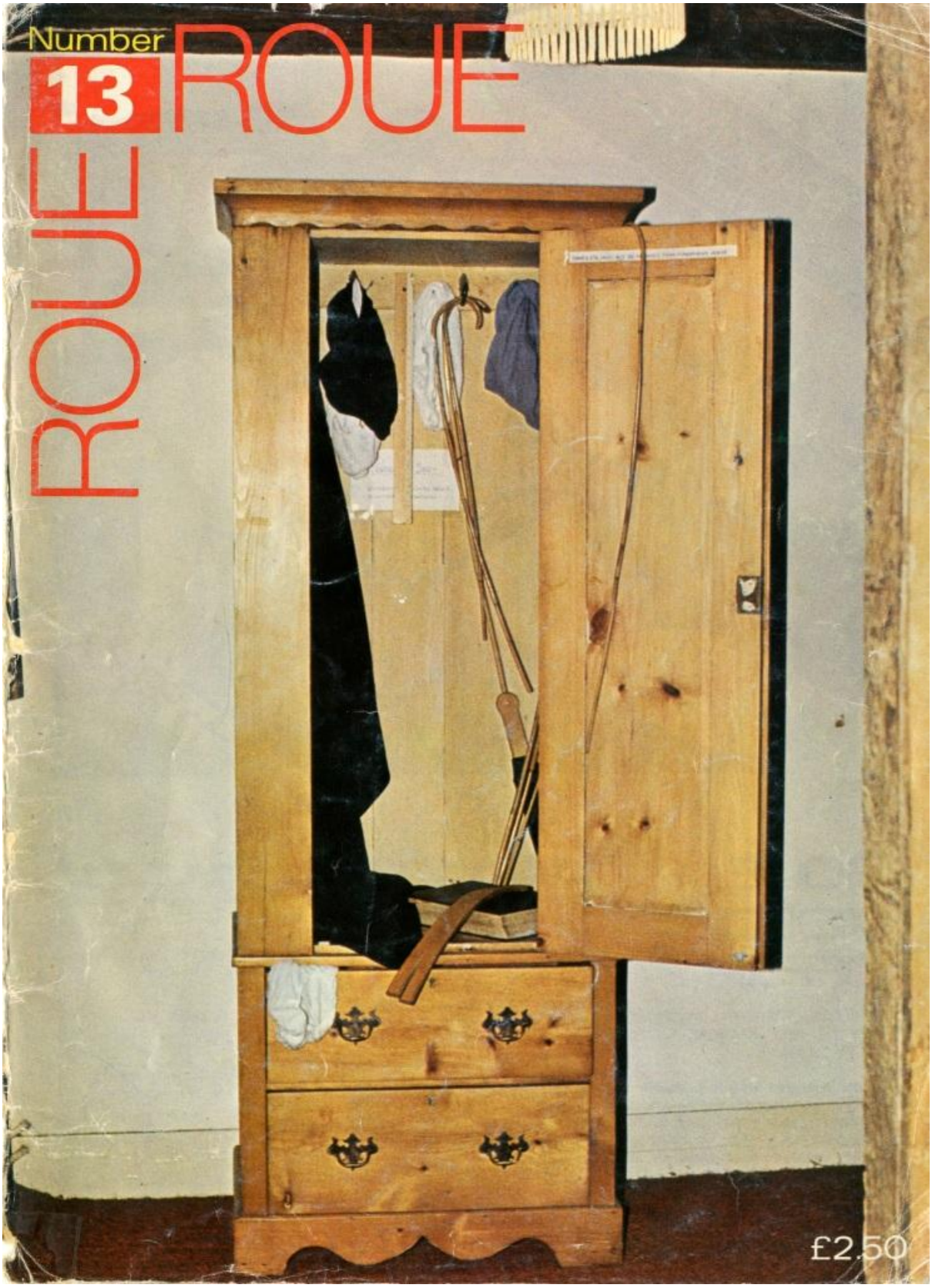
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Poor Jane! Her tutor has despaired of ever teaching her anything with only two lessons a week, and Jane's mum has agreed that her daughter should take lessons at weekends as well. Worse, Jane is going to have to stay at her tutor's house overnight - for an early start on Sunday mornings, or so he says, and worst of all Jane's mum has agreed that from now on she'll have no objection if her daughter's knickers have to come down now and then. And Jane knows what *that* means!

On Saturday afternoon Jane turns up at her tutor's house in a very subdued frame of mind to find Mr. Forbes all efficiency and only too eager to get to work – and to get at her bottom. He decides that first of all his pupil should learn how to take her knickers up and down – a lesson which Jane finds most uncomfortable, and then she is soundly spanked for not having learned her poetry properly.

Worse is to come. English homework is not Jane's strong point, and Mr. Forbes knows it. Face-down over a stool, Jane is taken through her homework point by stinging point – her trembling bottom is a crimson glow by the time the strap has finished with it. And then it's early to bed, with something to think about for tomorrow. Poor Jane!

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Contents

	PAGE
George	5
Letters	8
Galley	25
Short Shorts	41
Rosy Rosie	49
Knickers and Nylons at St. Angelas	57

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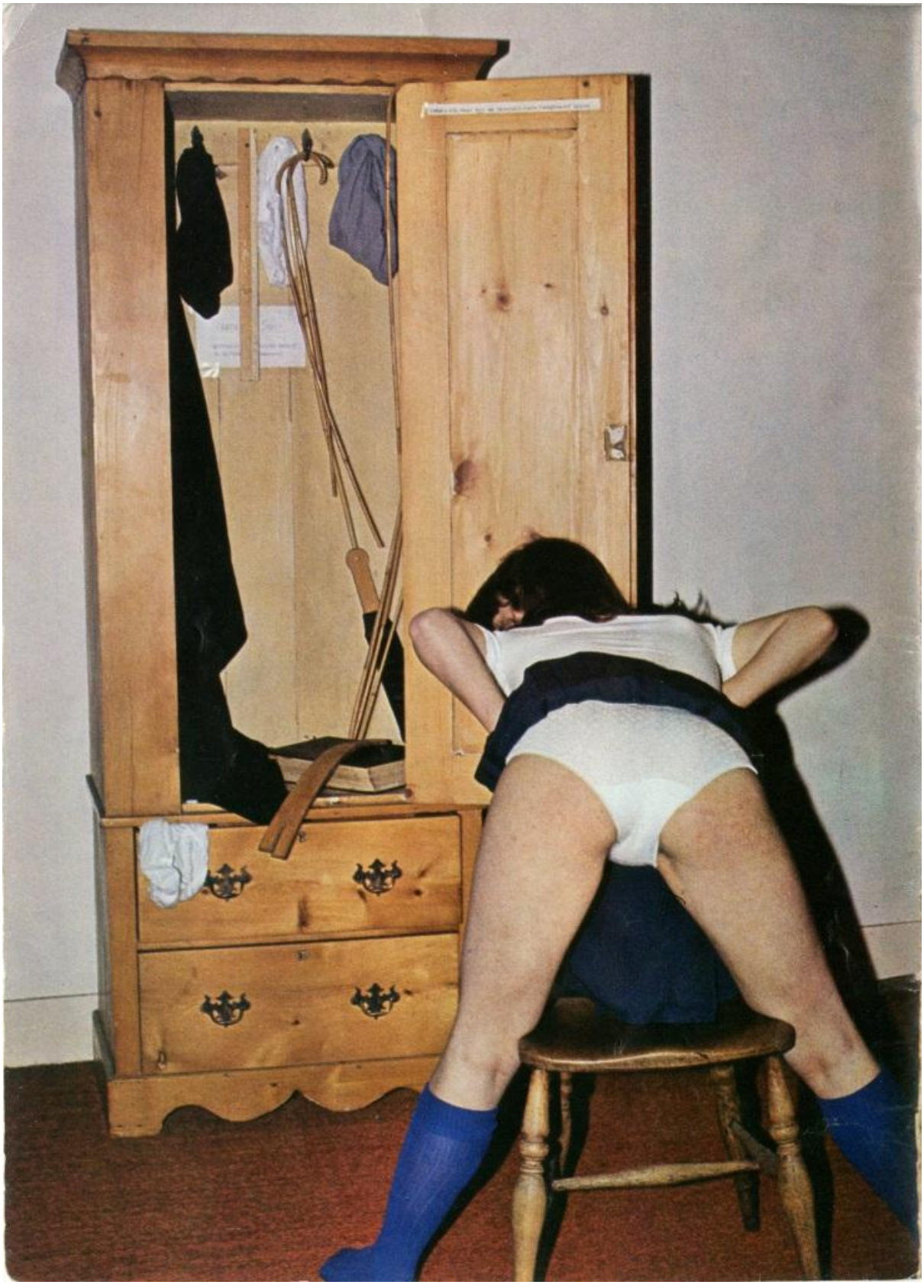


GEORGE

If there was one thing George hated about shopping in supermarkets, it was queuing at the checkout. Inevitably someone in front of him would be trying to buy an article without a price on it, which would cause one delay, and then the cashier would not be able to change the next person's twenty pound note, and that would cause another. So George would become more impatient and frustrated. Today, however he had something to take his mind of the wait. In front of him, and indeed very close to him, was a lady whom he had been watching for some time....watching as she bent over the low fridges to pick out a piece of meat...watching as she bent down to the bottom shelves to pick up a packet of breakfast cereal.... watching as she pushed her wire trolley. And why all this watching? Well, George was a 'bottoms' man, and the lady in question was wearing exquisitely tight thin cotton trousers, pale cream in colour, with very little, if anything on underneath. She also had a magnificent bottom. It was large and plump...what some men would have called fat...but George called it perfect. The cheeks were large and round, and expanded out of her slim waist into a magnificent pear shaped seat, which thrust roundly out in the trousers over the tops of her long thighs. The centre seam of the trousers at the back pulled very tightly into the cleft, thus separating the two fat cheeks, and emphasising the deep divide between them. Underneath there could have been no knickers, for their outline would definitely have shown. How George itched first to rub, then to smack, then to really paddle that bottom. She turned round suddenly and faced him. She was very pretty, and had no make up at all...a young girl's face with a woman's body. He thought she was going to say something, but her turn had come at the checkout, and so she turned back and unloaded her trolley onto the moving belt. The sight of that bottom in those trousers bent over a supermarket trolley was nearly too much for George. This young lady and her bum were flaunting themselves in front of him, and he wanted to give her a spanking for it. But, thought George sadly, as he had thought about many other young women, she's probably

never had her rump smacked in her life....probably never will....

Wrong George.....very wrong. Indeed if you were to get a little closer to the lady as she bends to unload her purchases, you would feel a hot red heat emanating through those tight trousers. Not only has she been spanked, but she has been spanked very recently, and very hard - just before coming to the shops in fact.

Her name is Deborah Fairweather, she is thirty one...older than she looks, and she lives, surprise surprise, with Mr. Fairweather. Mr. Fairweather is a man who shares George's interests, but whereas George merely thinks about it, Mr. Fairweather DOES it, and he makes no bones about it, neither does he apologise to any one about it, and least of all to fat bottomed Deborah.

Earlier that morning, Saturday to be precise, Mr. Fairweather had come downstairs to find no breakfast cereal, no bacon, no eggs and worst of all no butter. (There was margarine which is supposed to be indistinguishable from butter but we all know it actually tastes like lard.) This was not the first time this had happened, (i.e. Deborah had not done the shopping,) and although Mr. Fairweather can cope with virtually anything in life when he has been up a few hours, he is very moody when he first rises. "I've had enough of this Debbie," he had said, "I told you if this happened again I'd tan your backside. Now, go and put your spanking trousers on, and bring me the gym shoe. And be quick about it!" Debbie knew better than to argue. She rushed upstairs, took her dress and knickers off, and turned and had a quick look in the mirror at her bum. It was big and round and white, and she rubbed it, indeed she almost started to apologise to it for what was about to happen. Then she got out the thin cotton trousers, put them on, and pulled them up very tight. She struggled to zip them up, then turned to check in the mirror that there were no wrinkles, and that the centre seam was indeed right between her buttocks. Then she rubbed them again....they were certainly going to be tanned hard, judging by the mood her husband was in. She pulled open a drawer in the dressing table and produced an old worn floppy gym shoe. It had no laces in it....it was used for just one thing....beating Debbie's bottom, and she had tremendous respect for that gym shoe. It had a fine big sole, which just fitted

neatly up under each of her buttocks to effectively thrash her seat. It was, in fact, just the right size for spanking Debbie's bottom....big enough to make each whack count, but still allowing Mr. Fairweather to smack just the precise part of his wife's bottom that he wished. She walked back to the kitchen, and laid the gym shoe on the table in front of them. "Not too hard please, darling." She said. "It's too late for that now." He replied. "Now get over my knee. Right over!" He moved his chair away from the table, and she climbed over. Right over! Which as Mr. Fairweather, and other men of his experience know, means her bottom right up on top of his knees, with her nose practically rubbing the carpet on one side, and her toes just touching it at the other. Soon she was positioned absolutely correctly and then he rubbed and massaged his wife's cheeks through the trousers. His wife's bum was everything he thought a woman's bum should be...except *spanked*, and now he was going to remedy that.

He picked up the gym shoe, and gripped it very purposefully right round the heel end. Then he began. He spanked each cheek, alternately, beginning high up, just below the start of the dividing crease, and worked slowly and methodically down to the tops of her thighs, and even a couple of inches down those thighs. Then he worked back up, then down again. The strokes were not his hardest but they were sharp, they were husbandly, and they certainly had authority behind them. They made Debbie's backside sting and smart and warm up. Her bottom was left in no doubt that it was getting the start of a very thorough spanking. After about thirty wallops to each cheek, he gripped the gym shoe harder and started to slipper down the centre, aiming each time for the seam of the trousers which was so tightly pulled into the crack. These were harder strokes. They were harder and they were HOT. But up and down the centre seam smacked that gym shoe until a full forty strokes had gone into the centre of the bottom. After those, Debbie had really begun to feel like a well spanked girl over her husbands knee, and her husband having now meticulously and carefully warmed up every inch of her fat bottom now started slippering in earnest. Every five or six seconds he whipped the sole of the gym shoe down, and bounced it off whichever part of that tight trousered bottom he had chosen to punish next. They were hard strokes and they were hot strokes, and indeed Debbie's bottom began to sizzle and grill inside those trousers. It began to sting and glow, especially between the cheeks in the centre, where waves of heat seemed to radiate from one cheek, and bounce of the other and so on, backwards and forwards. When he had laid on another fifty whacks, making about a hundred and fifty in all, Mr. Fairweather stopped, laid down the gym shoe, and felt Debbie's bum. "Learning your lesson, Debbie?" She said yes. She wasn't crying yet, her pretty face was beginning to show signs that her bottom was causing her trouble, but she definitely wasn't crying, so Mr. Fairweather now set about inducing a state of tears and deeper contrition. He picked up the gym shoe again, and this time got a very firm grip indeed. Then aiming just at the lower plump third of each cheek, right where Debbie sits, he walloped very hard and very quickly. He especially walloped low down in the centre. This all had the desired effect. His darling wife was soon squirming and squealing and blubbering, and generally promising that she would be very good in future. Mr. Fairweather carried on, after all Debbie's bottom seat was very fat and wide, and when Mr. Fairweather spanked he did it properly. Soon her tears were rolling down her nose onto the carpet, and she was wailing and very contrite. He stopped and laid the gym shoe on the table again. He could feel the heat from Debbie's backside about two inches above it. The trousers had been practically welded onto her bottom. "Now get up, and get down the supermarket for the shopping." He said. "Can I change back into my dress please. These trousers are almost killing me." she asked. "No. Go in the trousers. It'll do you good to have a hot bum while you do the shopping. Now off you go." and he landed a stinging handspank across the centre of the trousers.

Back in the supermarket, Debbie pays for her groceries and leaves. George watches her walk off, her fantastic bottom swaying and weaving. It really should be spanked, said George quietly to himself. It has been George....It has!

LETTERS

Dear Editor, Roue,

I must write to congratulate you on your No. 11, surely the best yet from the cover-brilliant- to the letters section with an excellent set of colour pics. If that meaty strap featured - not a tawse which it would become if the space between the slit sections could be widened - is the same as that in your Correspondence Special then it must be obvious to you that subsequent "specials" must be in colour.

Normally I am not enamoured by drawings, but I give full marks to the Spankers Gallery feature, and since I prefer the tawse for the bums which fall under my jurisdiction I must praise "Half-Past Four" in No. 11 – and apropo the above comment please note the two tails opening out to search out and eat into the girl's tender crevices. Very, very nice and realistic – my compliments to the artist.

On pp.27 you ask your readers if they have ever seen a prettier, rounder and saucier bum and I must answer "yes". In my late 30's a few years ago I proposed to and subsequently married my housekeeper after seeing her tawse her two daughters, at that time 15 and 12 years of age, and it was the most exciting event in my life until then. The lady in question, a widow, did not fail to notice the effect on me of sitting a few feet from the victims as mum denuded their bums and laid on some 12 to 18 severe strokes. Afterwards, I confessed my interest in her school-issue tawse, and when I was shown a second by her – an extra heavy ½-inch thick and with three 3" tails – I discovered that we not only had a common interest, but that she particularly enjoyed sex after "a really hot leathering". She kept me frustrated on that evening because the two lovely girls were still crying in a nearby bedroom, but on the following evening she lowered her knickers and, handing me the "XH" she had me promise that I would not hold back – she need not have worried! I proposed during the lovemaking which lasted hours, and although she has since confessed that she had decided that my predeliction would ensure her future security, I am very happy with my married life. Incidentally, I never leathered the girls, as we agreed that I should be only a witness, and they were never tawsed without good reason. But, when mother decided a thrashing was called for, then excuses were of no avail, the strap was fetched, knickers were taken down and the leather really set the bums on fire. And mum knew that she would soon be showing the same signs of agitation – screwed up face, contorted body, and straining muscles – if generated by different means. Although I soon discovered that my wife likes to read "slave books" i.e., stories about the American plantations, she never suggested that she would like to deal with my buttocks; however, when I felt guilty after I had reverted to my bachelor habit of having an expensive call-girl from a private club near the Haymarket during a visit to London, she agreed with me that I had been silly to waste my £100 and that discipline was in order. The next evening we were alone she had me go for a walk – we live in a farmhouse – and cut three switches which she bound into a birchrod. My sentence was "10 cuts", I asked to be tied down as I felt somewhat cowardly, and these were duly administered – after the first I had to ask for something to bite on (a pair of knickers from the airing cupboard) and I never want to feel pain like that again! It proved that I am no masochist. I was so beaten that I had no ability to fuck, but my wife was very understanding and masturbated me to a reluctant climax. The birch really is fiendish. However we would like to suggest that it should be available together with a stout tawse in St. Angela's. I have tried a cane on my wife's gorgeous 38" bum, but we then gave it to her ladyfriend who uses it to good effect on a teenage son who could become a tearaway if not attended to regularly. I strapped my wife in anger when I learned that she had told her friend about our bedroom practices – but more than forgave her when she persuaded this sexily-attractive lady to take down her knickers for six hot licks in my presence. This is now repeated about once a month and we now share a video library with a few good spanking films and we also discuss together publications such as yours, although we do not swop.

You have taken over from "Janus" and I hope you go on from strength to strength with the right blend of C.P. and sex – and can we not have your centre spread with the girl's bare bum full on to camera and marked?

My wife wonders if you would like us to send you a real Scots Tawse as our local saddler makes them to order in different weights, thicknesses, and with 2 or 3 or 4 tails. Even one stroke with ours is real punishment and now my wife regularly takes 12.

A.McA
Dalkeith
[redacted]

Dear Sirs,

I have very much enjoyed reading your latest (11th) issue which I bought on my present business trip to London. It is regrettably a little too risque to be likely to grace the shelves of my local newsagent, but I shall be looking out for No. 12 when next in town!

I particularly liked the beautifully-written account of a pucka girls boarding school caning session in "Old Nick!" and Claire Donaldson's fascinating letter describing the regime of a real boarding school of a generation back. Like your correspondent John Parsons, I have a yen for factual stories, which have the ring of truth to them. It is so nice to think that it all actually happened!

Some of the juiciest accounts of schoolgirl whipping, and ones on which you can really rely for accuracy, seem to come on those occasions when a particular punishment has led to court action. Unfortunately these are very rare, I think not because such whippings don't still take place, but simply because litigation is so expensive these days and most parents anyway sensibly support schools over use of corporal punishment. But reports of court cases are certainly tops for really juicy details.

One of the best of the lot was in July 1964 when the headmaster and senior mistress of a co-ed grammar school in Helston (Cornwall) were prosecuted for spanking two girls of 17 and 18 on their bare bottoms with the back of a hairbrush. There were marvellous reports of how each girl in turn had to report to the senior mistress's study, and there - under the watchful eyes of that good lady and the headmaster - take of her skirt, under-skirt, and jumper, and then tuck her navy blue gym knickers right up so that any of the knicker-seat which wasn't right "up and over" the bottomcheeks was pushed right inside her bumcleft. This left a lovely great big 17- or 18-year-old backside completely bare for smacking - they even had to tuck the tails of their blouses into the waistband of their pants to make sure they didn't fall back and cover part of the rump while it was being smacked. One of the most delicious details of all was the discovery that the elder girl was actually wearing a pantie-girdle under her regulation school knickers. It wasn't clear whether this was a deliberate attempt to 'pad' anyway she was made to take it off and then put her pants back on and tuck them up properly. The headmaster primly went and looked out of the window while she did this. Evidently it was 'not on' for him to have a decko at her bottomhole and private parts - though the way they stripped those wenches down it seemed as if just about everything else was on view!

The actual spankings were marvellous, too. They first had to bend over the end of a table with legs astride and hands stretched forward to be held by the head standing at the other end - so they couldn't 'cover up' while the senior mistress was doing the smackbottom bit, and after that had been done - by which time no doubt they already felt as if their bums were going up in flames! - the head sat on a straight-backed chair and took them over his lap for a nursery-style supplement. The first young madam's whacking sounded even more formidable than what those girls got in 'Old Nick!', because the whole performance was repeated on the grounds that after being let up from the head's lap the first time she "didn't look very sorry"; she had another dose bending over the table and another session over the knee, and her bum must have been like a couple of ripe tomatoes by the finish.

In her statement this first girl (the 17-year-old, who was actually a vicar's daughter and herself a Sunday school teacher) said that at the beginning of the punishment - when the senior mistress was smacking her bum over the table - she counted up to seven and then stopped counting, and that the beak "hit pretty hard and it hurt", and the inference is that even after seven smacks her bottom was actually smarting so much that she wasn't registering the individual strokes any longer, but only conscious of a sea of burning pain invading the whole of her luscious young bum! An analysis of the accounts shows fairly conclusively that there was in all probability the traditional "twelve of the best" at each *individual* smacking, so that with two bend-over spankings and two 'nursery' sessions, she just about reached her half century.

That was an appropriate metaphor, because the head who ordered the smackings (because the girls had been caught necking with boys) had played cricket for his old public school, Winchester. According to the News of the World, he'd once knocked up the highest-ever school cricket score - 278 against Eton, including the bowling of the then Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas Home! Christ, those two young women must have each got a smacked bottom and-a-half!

Rather interestingly, the juiciest schoolgirl caning account of recent years also involved a head who'd developed strong whacking muscles at our summer sport. This was a case in 1976 when the headmistress of a girls' grammar school at Northwich in Cheshire was privately prosecuted for caning a pupil of 14. According to one press account, the lady who set fire to that bottom hadn't just played for a school - she'd captained a Univeristy side *and* gone on to play for her County as an opening bat and fast bowler. I certainly wouldn't have wanted to be in the gym knickers of any naughty schoolgirl sent to her study - and it seemed as if there'd been plenty and that the three-stroke whacking which led to the legal proceedings was pretty mild compared with what an older and naughtier pupil might pick up by way of 'sentence'. The girl concerned was punished for the surely relatively trivial offence of eating potato crisps during a maths class, so one can imagine how that head might whip the bum off a kid caught smoking or drinking or bullying or truanting, or whatever!

Even with three strokes, she obviously knew how to set fire to an errant posterior! The cane used was a three-footer, and it must have been a really whippy specimen and jolly vigorously applied, because the accounts described how she'd wrapped the stick right round the kid's bum and welted her up smack across both bottomcheeks and round the top of the right thigh where the tip "whip-lashed" round. The weals were up to 14 inches long! Obviously she had a nice broad fatty rump to attend to as well as a highly effective weapon!

In that case also the details of punishment posture and clothes-adjustment were given in great detail and were most interesting. The girl was sent to the study in a light summer dress under which she had on light tights under a pair of navy blue gym knickers. This all actually happened in June 1976, right in the middle of the heat-wave of the century, so she must have been pretty warm at the outset - never mind the bonfire subsequently lit on her b.t.m! The girl was made to

raise her dress at the back after bending over, and had to keep it raised during the whacking by clamping her hands to the side of her hips - some echoes here of the posture described in "Old Nick!"

After the whipping, the headmistress made her come over to the desk and watch her name being inscribed in the punishment book, and showed her the preceding pages with all the names of other young ladies who'd had their posteriors touched up. No doubt the latest victim had her hands busy on the seat of her pants, or even plunged down the back of them, during this ceremony - unless she was being stoical like the girls in "Old Nick!" She must have had something to rub - been really "barred up" - because the report said a policewoman had a decko at her bum *ten days* later and her bum and thighs were still well decorated! Being a day school, and living some distance away, she had the added ordeal of a 3-mile bike ride (Christ on a bike indeed!) with a whipped situpon. Not surprisingly, the report said she gave it up as a bad job after a short distance and hobbled home on shanks's pony.

The difference between the Helston and Northwich cases was that in the former, unfortunately, both the head and the smackbottomite deputy were convicted and fined, whereas the doughty toby-tickler up in Cheshire was acquitted and said to have been "completely vindicated". The feeling seemed to be simply that the 17-year-old at Helston had been smacked much too severely, and also the head wasn't supposed (under the regulations of that particular - Cornish - local education authority) to whack girls himself; it had to be done (as at Northwich) by a mistress. There wasn't any suggestion in the Helston case that a bare-bottom punishment was in itself wrong - even for great big girls of 17 and 18. The senior mistress agreed that the 17-year-old had been smacked too hard, but said she'd been under the head's orders and that if she'd protested as she wanted to it would have undermined school discipline. She said that the 18-year-old, who only got one smacking bending over followed by one session over the knee, and only six of the best at each, had had "quite a reasonable beating" (that is, not too severe). The older girl apparently howled and squirmed a lot and because of the fuss she made got off much lighter. (At some schools, she'd have got her bum smacked all the harder!)

Recollecting those two cases, and reading Claire Donaldson's account, set me thinking about the deeper significance of punishment posture and, in particular, the traditional "bend-over stance. Desmond Morris's *The Naked Ape*, which I happen to have with me from our local library, is a little far-fetched in some ways, but he may have a point in the following comment (taken from pages 146 and 147 of a 1971 "Corgi" edition):-

> "The more specific case of the adoption of the female sexual rump-presentation posture as an appeasement gesture has virtually vanished, along with the disappearance of the original sexual posture itself. It is largely confined now to a form of schoolboy punishment, with rhythmic whipping replacing the rhythmic pelvic thrusts of the dominant male. It is doubtful whether schoolmasters would persist in this practice if they fully appreciated the fact that, in reality, they were performing an ancient primate form of ritual copulation with their pupils. They could just as well inflict pain on their victims without forcing them to adopt the bent-over submissive female posture. (It is significant that schoolgirls are rarely, if ever, beaten in this way - the sexual origins of the act would then become too obvious).

Quite obviously, schoolgirls have to bend over for whipped bottoms a great deal more frequently than the good Dr. Morris fondly supposed! The Helston case resulted in the hurried dismissal of the bottom-smacking headmaster (who was on the verge of retiring anyway) but the ritual was so carefully and minutely conceived that it was clearly a well-established practice, and the protestations that it was a "once-off" affair sounded hollow. The real give-away was the identicality of the punishment ritual for both girls, although one was spanked in the morning and the other later in the afternoon. As for the Northwich case, Miss Whipped Situpon was actually shown a bookful of particulars of scores of other smarting posteriors, while her own was still burning her up!

Obviously what appears in full juicy detail in the occasional newspaper report is only the tip of an ice-berg (not perhaps an appropriate metaphor when you consider the heat being generated under all those pairs of school knickers!). There have been plenty of hints of similar "old-fashioned" *modus operandi* elsewhere, even in State schools. There were marvellous accounts, only a few months before the Northwich cause *celebre* in 1976, of the whipping of a 15-year-old girl on the posterior at a co-ed comprehensive in Seaham, up in County Durham. This young madam, for playing truant, found herself bending over (Desmond Morris please note!) on the dais in the school hall, and the headmaster held her in that posture while the senior mistress whipped the seat of her tight trousers with a nice supple cane - six of the best, and her dad told one local reporter that she ran home "screaming", which doesn't suggest that her young bum had merely been tickled.

That same month (March 1976) the *Sun* had an intriguing account of a pupil demo at a co-ed comprehensive in Burnham-on-Crouch in Essex, where the twin complaints were too much caning and girls not allowed to wear trousers. They were obviously connected, because one girl, told to report for the stick, had actually demanded to be allowed to wear trousers on the grounds that boys were allowed to keep theirs on when they were caned. If girls were only allowed knickers it would be unfair! We weren't told whether her plea was granted!

Teachers like the gym master in the latest set of your splendid "Spanker's Gallery" obviously need to keep a sharp eye on the local authority regulations if they work in the State sector, because these seem to vary tremendously. In the Helston case the Cornwall rules were such that it was enough that a male teacher had raised his hand to a female pupil, for his instant dismissal to be justified. Yet a few months before the Northwich furore, in January 1976, a North Shields headmaster stated very publicly that he had just given two 15-year-old bully girls six of the best each for assaulting another girl. He even went on TV to give an interview about it, and said he had been inundated with letters of support from people all over the world! There was another interesting case reported only this month (April 1981) of a Hereford headmaster personally caning a 16-year-old girl whom he had caught

smoking. The girl's parents sued and (as at Northwich) lost their case. The latter case, incidentally, was in some ways even juicier, although the caning was only of the "hold out your hand" variety. Another big girl of 16 was caught smoking at the same time, and instead of having to wait outside the study in turn (like the young madams in "Old Nick"), the head had them both in together, and caned each one in turn while the other stood by watching - and listening to the swish of the cane, its smack on bare flesh, and the squawking of the "whippee". The reports of the case said the girls had great big blisters on their hands at the finish, so no doubt they squealed fairly loudly! The headmaster even fetched the deputy headmaster in to act as an official witness (lucky devil that he was!)

The most overtly "sexual" report of a school spanking came only recently (March 1981) from Rugeley in Staffs, where the headmaster of a private school was had up for indecently assaulting girls of primary school age. The *Sun* said he found "feeble excuses" to put them over his knee, and apparently it wasn't the spanking that was objected to so much as the fact that his hands wandered elsewhere (like your "Spanker's Gallery" gymteacher's) while he was lifting the little madams on to his knee and taking their pants down - for naughty girls at this school were always smacked bare. This again must be more common than the relatively rare reports would suggest, for any red-blooded male with such an opportunity would be sorely tempted. I knew one fat-and-fortyish widow who regularly caned her 14-year-old son with his pyjama trousers down and simply adored having her own broadly-rounded posterior smacked bare and very soundly (I frequently obliged!), whose whole addiction to smack-bottomism dated back to spankings received from a randy elderly uncle (a real one!) between the ages of 11 and 15. He used to put her over his knee up in the bedroom and smack her, pants down, with a leather spanking paddle bought specially for the purpose. She wasn't very attractive as a young girl, and used to be teased at school about her plumpness, and she said the obvious attraction which her chubby young posterior held for uncle made the bedroom sessions pleasant rather than otherwise, although her little fat situpon always tingled and reddened like anything over his knee. After a bit the fact that the spanking attentions were appreciated communicated itself to uncle, if only from the way they were quite obviously and deliberately "courted", and he started to fiddle about with her whilst taking her pants down and positioning her on his knee - a poke between the legs here, a quick tickle between the cheeks there. These entirely welcome (to young madam) attentions had progressed to systematic masturbation by the time she was 13, and thereafter she was quite overtly masturbated to climax every time she had her bottom smacked. As the spanking was always continued until she *had* spent (she would have been most dissatisfied else!) she invariably afterwards pulled her pants back up over a really red young tail. Spanking, she said, was the spice of life and she was eternally grateful to the indulgent relative who had opened her eyes (and legs) to its pleasures without thought that he thereby probably risked a long session behind bars - which was the fate of the Rugeley bottomsmacker.

But such reports are rare and the sexual element is in most accounts left to the reader's own speculations. I personally find it hard to imagine that any normal healthy male, given two well-grown young wenches of 16 to cane even on hands alone in the privacy of his study, would not feel distinctly "gratified". Fortunately, however, you cannot condemn a man for having a suspicious bulge in his trousers, and a female caner does not even risk that minor manifestation of the satisfaction she derives from an "unpleasant duty" well done!

I hope very much that you will continue the "Spanker's Gallery" feature along the same lines for many further issues. Your artist's drawings are pure joy, and betray, if I may make so bold, the relish of a true enthusiast.

W.M
London

[redacted]

Dear Sir,

After drooling over the fate of those four teenage schoolgirls in "Old Nick!" in No. 11, which I'd bought in Old Compton Street during the lunch hour today (most distracting it was in the afternoon, too!) it put the tin lid on it when I opened this evening's (April 27th) *New Standard* and found the following in a letter from a lady deploring the fact that the Inner London Authority had abolished the cane in secondary schools:-

"During the early 'sixties I attended the first comprehensive (North Romford) established in Essex. The discipline was strict, and for a pupil to assault a teacher would have been undreamed of. Mere insolence would have meant the stick - for girls as well as boys. I well recall having to bend over for 'eight of the best' across thin gym pants for a second offence of smoking at the age of 15 - administered by a muscular young deputy head, armed with some 3 ft. of extremely supple malacca, who had only recently represented the County's ladies' side at squash. It was the last time I ever smoked! My two fellow culprits each received the traditional six on that occasion, my crime being the greater because I supplied the offending cigarettes."

Ow-ow-owwww! Bet it was the last time *they* ever smoked either! Thin gym pants! 15-year-old girl! Three feet of extremely supple malacca! I'll bet there were plenty of lusty young males tent-poling their trousers as they copped that lot on the 5.30 to Ilford, Romford and 'stations north'! Can we have some more juicy details from Roue-readers, *please* - she said it was co-ed! It certainly sounds hot stuff for a State day school - I should think there was as much "running-on-the-spot" and "hands down the back of the knickers" as in that fifties dump so graphically pictured by Mrs. Donaldson (also in No. 11).

Talking of hands down the back of the knickers, I think that randy gym master in the Spanker's Gallery had better watch his P's and Q's! According to another quite recent press report, the deputy headmaster of a primary school up in Dumfries was had up for "indecently grabbing two girls (aged 11) by the buttocks in the classroom" (which I suspect to be exactly what that lecherous gym-master has in mind with young naked madam in SG) "and putting his hand down the back of one of the girl's shorts in the corridor". It also said he'd smacked a boy of the same age on the bare bottom in front of all the boys and girls, but that didn't seem to signify as he was 'formally found not guilty of assaulting the boy' But if the court had believed the girls, I don't think he'd have got off scot free (excuse bad pun!). Lucky

they were fibbing (or thought to be!). Naughty little madams needed two very red little pairs of bottomcheeks, we're thinking! Teach 'em not to make up naughty stories about dirty old men fiddling about with their tempting little botties! (Probably quite *big* botties, the way schoolgirls shoot up nowadays).

Even more recently there was a juicy report of one unfortunate headmaster who was less lucky. Earlier this year the *Sun* (trust the *Sun!*) told us all about the Staffs primary school head who "dreamed up 'feeble excuses' to smack schoolgirls' bare bottoms", and "assaulted the girls after smacking their bottoms." He got a suspended jail sentence and the school was closed - but perhaps he couldn't complain: the lucky old sod had 13 years of "smackbottom lechery" before, apparently, he got so much carried away as to extend the operations to one or two little sauceboxes who weren't quite so appreciative, and sneaked to their mums! Sounded as if most of them (naughty little girls) thoroughly enjoyed having their pants taken down, although they clearly always had their round young botties well reddened before wandering fingers found their way between plump thighs and smacked bumcheeks. As if they didn't know perfectly well, all of them, what that lump in the head's pants was - he must have had a hell of a dry cleaning bill for trousers!

The conclusion I come to (excuse further pun!) is that the truth, if no stranger, is often as juicy as the stories in Roue. Not that many of those, in the words of your correspondent Mr. Parsons, don't have the "ring of truth" which particularly sends so many of us. Keep up the good work!

B.W.
Ealing.

SPANK SHAME HEAD SHUTS SCHOOL

A PRIVATE school closed yesterday because of a headmaster's sex "games".

Eric Cottrell had dreamed up "feeble excuses" to smack schoolgirls' bare bottoms, a court was told.

He collared the girls—aged between five and nine — on trumped up charges of misbehaviour.

Raided

Then he administered his kinky corporal punishment in their classrooms.

And yesterday, after admitting three charges of indecently assaulting the youngsters, he decided to shut his school for good.

Police went to Cottrell's Brereton Lodge School in Rugeley, Staffs, after complaints from parents.

They claimed that Cottrell who ran the school for 13 years, had assaulted the girls after smacking their bottoms.

Scrapheap

When police later raided his home they found soft porn books including one entitled Schoolgirl Sex, magistrates at Rugeley heard.

Cottrell, 57, told the police that he found spanking his girl pupils "compulsive."

The magistrates handed out their own punishment when they jailed Cottrell for a year, suspended for two years.

His defence lawyer Richard Lawton told the court: "The school will never reopen. He is now literally on the scrapheap."

Cottrell, who ran the school with his wife, said later that he decided to close down "because of the nature of the offences."

And, he added: "I am very upset by the whole thing. I am now finished."

TEACHER CLEARED OF ASSAULTING PUPILS

James McQuade, a 41-year-old teacher and deputy head of Lincluden Primary School in Dumfries, was cleared at Dumfries Sheriff Court yesterday of assaulting three of his pupils — two girls and a boy, all aged 11.

At the end of a two-day trial Mr. McQuade, of Hazelrigg Avenue Dumfries, was found not guilty of indecently grabbing the two girls by the buttocks in the classroom and putting his hand down the back of one of the girl's shorts in the corridor last year.

He was also formally found not guilty of assaulting the boy earlier this year by spanking him on the bare buttocks in the classroom – a charge which was withdrawn during the trial by deputy procurator-fiscal, Mr. Peter Johnston.

The girls had claimed that the assault took place in the classroom when they went up to him with their books.

But Mr. McQuade said he had probably pulled them closer to the desk with a sweep of his arm so that they could both look at the book in front of him.

He said the alleged incident in the corridor had never taken place, and the girl would not have been wearing shorts at the time she said the incident had happened.

Colleagues at the school told the Court that Mr. McQuade was popular and held in high esteem by staff, and parents.

They all emphasised that at no time was there any hint of impropriety by the teacher.

Advocate Mr. W.C. Galbraith, for Mr. McQuade emphasised that there had never been any hint in the case that he interfered with the girls sexually.

He said that the girls seemed to have exaggerated matters and compounded a fantasy.

A spokesman for Dumfries and Galloway education authority said afterwards that as far as the education department was concerned Mr. McQuade, who has been under suspension since being charged five months ago, will be back in his post on Monday morning.

A CANE THAT STOPS CLASSROOM MUTINY

THE HORRIFIC accounts of classroom hooliganism contained in your front page report (April 23) of the NAS/UWT annual conference are surely final proof—if any were needed—of ILEA's lunacy in banning corporal punishment in secondary schools.

One London delegate spoke of assaults on teachers as "an atrocious problem which has escalated since the early 'Sixties."

During that period I attended the first comprehensive (North Romford) established in Essex. The discipline was strict, and for a pupil to assault a teacher would have been undreamed of.

Mere insolence would have meant the stick—for girls, as well as boys. I well recall having to bend over for "eight of the best" across thin gym pants for a second offence of smoking at the age of 15—administered by a muscular young deputy head, armed with some 3ft. of extremely supple malacca, who had only recently represented the County's ladies' side at squash. It was the last time I ever smoked.

My two fellow culprits each received the traditional six on that occasion, my crime being the greater because I supplied the offending cigarettes.

By present standards I am sure we would have been judged angels. Yet if the occasional well-deserved caning did us a world of good (and I am firmly convinced that it did) how much crazier it is under present conditions to deprive teachers of the one sanction which is really deterrent.

[redacted]

Sir,

Roue goes from strength to strength, and the letters section of No. 11 is really excellent. The account of discipline in a minor girls' boarding school of the 1950's had in particular what John C Parsons refers to as "the ring of truth", and I sincerely congratulate your correspondent Ms Donaldson on this most informative report.

If the material is available, might I very tentatively suggest a future "special" devoted to authenticated girls-school accounts of this nature? There is undoubtedly much information to be garnered here and there from odd snippets in books and newspapers, and the peculiar attraction of *authenticated* accounts is just that knowledge that it really happened, and that it was really intended as disciplinary punishment and not a mock-up fantasy. In other words, or that some little madam's face was blubbered and saucy young b.t.m. "roasted" like some of those naughty little darlings who grace the pages of your splendid "Spanker's Gallery"!

A more-than-usually spicy narrative is to be found in Noele Arden's Child of a System, published in 1977 by Quartet Books with a foreword by the distinguished psychiatrist Anthony Storr. This has highly revealing accounts of discipline in girls' remand homes and approved schools during and just after World War II. Of Newport House, a remand home near Chelmsford in Essex, Ms Arden writes: "I do clearly recall being on the receiving end of a cane, both on my hands and my backside." Of the approved school, St. Christopher's in Great Crosby, near Liverpool, she recalls, "I got the cane in front of the entire school, though on this occasion only on my hands." But the real "sting in the tale" (and tail!) comes with her description of how she and a schoolmate ran away from St. Christopher's and how they were dealt with after being picked up by the police and and returned to base.

"Back at St. Christopher's," she recalls, "we were taken before the whole school, and there we were stripped to our knickers and vests, then put across a chair, had our knickers pulled down and were caned across the backside. Needless to say, I kicked and screamed and was taken to the detention room. This tiny room had no furniture at all, only a mattress on the floor. The window was, as in the remand home, covered with a thick wire mesh, but had the added security of iron bars across the outside. I screamed for ages, but no one took any notice as this room was at the very end of the school, and no one really bothered how much noise you made. Because I played up I was put on a bread-and-water diet. This was only allowed for three days, and a doctor had to see you before and after the treatment."

What is also interesting is that an examination of the rules laid down for these schools by the Home Office shows firstly that caning in girls' remand homes wasn't allowed at all, and in approved schools only girls under 15 were supposed to be caned and then only in private to a maximum of three strokes on each hand. These rules were much publicised some 14 years ago at the time of the Court Lees (Boys) Approved School Inquiry, which will be remembered by all followers of the spanking scene - remember those marvellous coloured photographs of naked caned bottoms in the *Sunday Times?!*

If this shows anything, perhaps it is only that there were some places even worse than the school described by Claire Donaldson - at least her headmistress caned her bare seat in the study and not in front of a gaggle of goggling girls!

Curiously enough, the situation on this front might if anything be even more interesting now, some 30 years on. What used to be approved schools and remand homes run by the Home Office are now classed as Community Homes, and punishment rules are up to the local authority concerned. One such authority came in for a lot of stick from "anti-caners" recently because it laid down new rules which said that all inmates - girls included - between the ages of seven and 17 were liable to the cane, and this should only be administered on the bottom "over at least one layer of clothing". Subsequently there was a very intriguing report of how one young madam aged 15 had been caned for absconding and sexual offences, including falsely pretending to be pregnant. The rules would have allowed her to be given up to "six of the best" on her thin knickers or pyjama pants, but she only got three. So she was lucky - but I bet she still squealed and hopped about and preferred not to sit down for some time afterwards!

My belief is that there is a lot more "behind the scenes" schoolgirl

whipping going on, even in ordinary State schools today, than normally meets the eye. Early in 1978 there was a spate of reports of "mass canings" following various "pupil power" demonstrations up and down the country, and this included various reports of canings of girls, including girls of 16 being caned on their bottoms in Royds Hall School in Huddersfield.

Two years earlier, in 1976, there was another rash of reports of this sort. The headmaster of Linskill High School, a mixed comprehensive school in North Shields, actually appeared on TV ("Nationwide") to describe and justify how he had given two big girls of 15 each "six of the best" (three on each palm with a whippy cane) for bullying a schoolmate. In March 1976 there were very graphic accounts of another 15-year-old girl being held down, bending over, on the assembly-hall platform of a big co-ed comprehensive in Seaham (Co. Durham) for a real old-fashioned hiding: the headmaster and a junior mistress bent her over, and the senior mistress gave her six of the best with a supple cane right smack across her invitingly presented trouser-seat. The girl's mum told one reporter that her daughter's bum had "angry red weals" on it three days later. The most graphic of all the reports, though, came from Cheshire where the headmistress of Northwich Girls Grammar School was summonsed in the local magistrates court for caning a girl of 14 who had been caught eating potato crisps during a maths class. The cane used in that school was said to be a three-footer and really supple, and the offending pupils had to lift up their dresses and bend over with only thin gym pants for protection. The girl whose parents brought the law case was said to have weals up to 14 inches long right across her bumcheeks and round her upper thighs, the cane being so whippy it had simply wrapped itself round her naughty young rump! The press reports stated that the marks weren't off her bum when a policewoman looked at it ten days after the whipping, and that she couldn't sit down after the caning!

The really gratifying part of the Cheshire case was that the magistrates threw it out and said the headmistress was "completely vindicated."

I quite agree with John Marsons (No. 11) that 13 is an ideal age to start caning a girl. Perhaps that's because my first sexual encounter with the opposite sex happened when I got a more-than-usually mischievous 13-year-old to show me her bottom after a session with her dad's cane - and what a delicious little bum it was, to be sure! A word of warning, though. Unless you make it a bare-bottom job, watch out for padding. My little madam used to get the stick at bedtime, after changing into her pyjama trousers, and until her dad "rumbled" her she used to keep her ordinary thick white wincey-ette knickers on underneath! She got away with it three times while receiving (on each occasion) four whacks bending over the end of the bed. Then one day, when she'd been really naughty, he made her touch her toes for six, and with the thin pyjama trousers fitting her round little seat like a glove he couldn't miss the line of her knickers around and under each bottomcheek and round her hips. He made her take them off, of course, and told her not to bother to pull her trousers up before bending over again. She said her face was almost as red as the cane marks on her naughty little bum by the time he'd finished!

I am inclined to think that 12 strokes on the bare bottom would be a little too much for most 13-year-old girls. A good compromise is to smack the girl's legs after her bottom has been whipped bare with six or eight strokes, possibly after an interval standing in the corner with hands on head (or arms folded) - i.e. no rubbing of the bottom. I mean, of course, smacking on the bare thighs - the fleshy part at the back. This is intensely painful, but entirely safe, though care should be taken to make sure the thighs are "slack" - i.e. "wobbly", so that they jiggle, blancmange-like, when smacked. This means, essentially, that the weight should be off the girl's feet. She can either be made to kneel up on a chair or her bed, or smacked in a sitting position on your lap. In the latter case, you should sit the girl on your lap facing frontways, and raise each leg in turn with one hand under the knee whilst your other hand smacks the thigh in an upwards motion.

This procedure can of course also be used as an adjunct to a whipping in knickers or pyjama trousers, but in the latter case the trousers will of course have to be taken down prior to the smacking.

This is essentially a procedure for the privacy of a schoolgirl's bedroom. It is not really a classroom discipline. But with so many schools nowadays determinedly sparing the rod (though happily not all, as I have shown) parents must step in if the child is not to be spoiled, and strict discipline is especially advantageous with young girls of the age-group mentioned. It is a certain preventive of juvenile delinquency and will also largely dispense with the need for frequent and even more severe correction in the middle and later teens.

A.A.
Romford

[redacted]

Dear Sirs,

I should like to join your other correspondants in congratulating you on your rapid rise to undoubted supremecy among C.P. magazines. Your Manchester reader was right to point out that the increase in your quality has coincided with the senility of 'Janus', once the authoritative voice of true discipline.

This being accepted it might be instructive to look at the reasons for the older magazine's decline, in order to maintain your sureness of touch. These I think were as follows; the standard of literacy took a sudden plunge, likewise the illustrations-well-written stories like 'Under the Hammer' or the series on Victorian institutional discipline were replaced by woolly romances by authors who could not construct a sentence.

St. Angela's is a gem. I hope you will be selective in publishing reader's own stories and not neglect your excellent authors on the staff. The great strength of this feature is that it is structured fantasy; it is allowed to go as far into the realms of Chauvinist Utopia as modern schools retract from it with their spare-the-rod, soft-line policies. The basis is firmly realistic, however, as the plans of the establishment and registers testify. That being so we can enjoy the incidents in fun, so I hope the teachers will continue to pick out the prettiest girls for the severest punishment and feel free as ever to interfere with their ripe young tits and unwillingly exposed treasures both before and after thrashing their provocative bums.

Now that Mr. Evans has stuffed Rosalind Bottomley, I hope that the headmaster's advice will not be taken too seriously and that some of the other masters will fuck her. With her

past misconduct Rosalind stands to lose a great deal more than her elders and betters if she lets any evidence of her 'sensual nature' slip out. That being so, I expect a sore and sobbing Miss Bottomley to be poked by more than one of the male staff in the near future.

These amusing liberties must take second place to the real business of St. Angela's, the punishment of the girls. I'm sorry that some of the stories in number eleven stopped short of the actual event. We should have been present at Susan Royston's caning as well as privy to Mr. Moore's molestation of her breasts. It was wicked to leave Gillian Aymes with a bursting bladder without letting us enjoy her embarrassment as she wets her pants in class.

To return to my unqualified praise for your product, may I say how much I liked the lacrosse field photo in number ten. I take it that is a reader's own photo and if so, it has certainly found its proper context. Perhaps other readers have photographs taken on local school fields, tennis courts or swimming pools that could take on whole new meaning on the pages of 'Roue'.

Finally, may I take up P.H.'s suggestion that you adopt the idea of celebrity fantasies. I think we can drop the rather childish title 'Janus' gave to this happy pastime. To make the game wholly your own, why not ask readers which celebrities they would like to send to St. Angela's for a day?

I'll start the ball rolling by nominating the 'Nationwide' presenter, Sue Cooke. Sue is blessed with a pair of big, thrusting breasts that she shyly hides under loose sweaters or high-necked business wear. A St. Angela's blouse would give them no refuge and her bottom would soon attract attention in the gym. Indeed, quite a crowd of masters gather at the window as Miss Davies has her going through a variety of strenuous exercises that send her knockers all over the place in unfamiliar bralessness. Note too how her pumping buttocks work their way out underneath her briefs in spite of Sue's frequent tugging-down.

It is a while since Sue Cooke had to exert herself like this, so it's not surprising that she is badly winded when it's time to change. She takes her time, and as a result is late for Physics. Result- Mr. Trulove bares her bottom in front of the class and gives her the slipper. The other girls look on in awe as Sue's ample rump, whacked to a glowing strawberry hue, squirms in distress as the slipper seeks out any areas that may be cooling slightly, then re-visits the hottest portions in order to make her cry a little louder.

The cheering sight of the normally poised and dignified presenter of 'Nationwide' BLUBBERING childishly gives Mr. Jones's English lesson a special charm. Her lack of knowledge of certain details of Chaucerian pronounciation led that master to the measure of applying his tawse to her quivering, outstretched hands four times on each palm.

This may have contributed to Sue's slowness in writing during Maths. It did not seem to be taken into consideration when Mr. Payne looked in to check on the progress of his special guest.

That is why Sue Cooke is now standing naked in room "2D". That is why Mr. Payne has told her to touch her toes and has taken up a position behind her to look hard and long at her bare buttocks. The colour is now coral pink, with a more than healthy glow left behind from Mr. Trulove's splendid effort this morning.

Now Mr. Payne is tapping his cane across the crowns of her still-sore bum cheeks. Then away we go, with Sue's blonde locks tossing wildly, her dangling udders swinging, wobbling and jerking with the force of the mighty blows Mr. Payne is driving into her spread bottom. Soon her rump is woven with fiery weals and desperate squeals have given way to heaving sobs. The headmaster goes on to attack the crease of her thigh tops, then marches down the stripes to a few inches above her knees before returning to Sue Cooke's plump and blistered bottom to give a satisfactorily noisy and painful end to her day at St. Angela's.

Please feel free to edit this letter as you wish. I send my best wishes and look forward to your future issues. At last schoolgirl discipline has a publication worthy of the cause!

C.W.S.
Westminster

The writer's description (para 2) of an article entitled 'Under the Hammer" as being 'well-written' was most flattering, since it was a piece which I wrote several years ago for Van, the original editor of Janus.
Editor

[redacted]

Dear Sir,

The enclosed cuttings from a correspondence going on in our local paper in Tameside might give you some material for a future article on "real-life" school punishment. My wife and I send them to you with very best wishes for continued prosperity of your splendid mag – some of the contents of No. 11 were really superb!

Spanker's Gallery is lovely, but little madams who pack their pert little situpons into shorts as brief and tight as the ones on p. 27 are asking for trouble, as my wife Jean confirmed to me while we were discussing this very stimulating series!

Once when she was a rather well-developed schoolgirl, she was incautious enough to travel home on a very hot day similarly attired – sleeveless vest and all – on a crowded rush hour bus after a session in the school gym. When an elderly man, not missing a trick, moved up behind her and started "goosing" her, instead of slapping his face as she should have done, pushed her bum hard back until it was virtually impaled (through the thin material of the shorts) on the probing, podgy finger, and then (horny little madam!) started "clenching and unclenching" her cheeks. The bloke went puce in the face! Unfortunately, she got him so worked up that he wouldn't stop when she whispered "stop it, I want to wee!" and by the time she extricated herself and scrambled off at her stop, *she* had very wet gym shorts as well as a scarlet face!

Trouble was, her widowed mum had recently remarried *another* elderly man, and her stepdad, deciding that she was getting a bit too big for her school knickers, had not long since bought an extremely swishy little regulation school cane which she sensed he was itching to use! She guessed – correctly – that wetting her gym pants at the age of 13 would provide an ideal excuse, but the threat of the stick gave her an excuse. She told her mum she'd had it at school and it had stung so much she'd "gone in her pants"!

"Let's see your hands, then." Oh well, actually I had it on my b.t.m., came the fibbing response from my scarlet-faced future wife.

"Show me."

An even redder-faced young Jean then had to bend over and peel the shorts down off a round young posterior which bore no marks whatsoever except a few red spots in and around the "cleft" which was all-too-clearly the evidence of a schoolgirl who had naughtily submitted herself to goosing. To make things even worse, the fingering of her "in between" through the shorts had been carried out so thoroughly that the white cotton material of the seat bore a few slight but distinct traces suggesting personal carelessness of a quite unpardonable kind in such a big girl.

The fat was in the fire! She had to stand in the corner in her vest and sodden pants for an hour until "Uncle Jim" arrived home, whereupon she had to bend over with back arched, hands on knees and legs astride for six of the best. With her pants all wet she said it stung so much it would have been better if he'd made her take them down!

When he'd done, and she stood hopping up and down with both hands down the back of her shorts frantically rubbing her stinging botty, he told her: "That was for wetting your pants, young lady! Those marks in the seat have earned you another eight – on the bare, to make the punishment fit the crime! And a good smackbottom for fibbing to start off with!"

It wasn't much consolation to be told that the second part of the punishment would be postponed until the marks of the first whipping were off her seat – because she was

told that there would be an "inspection" with her pyjama trousers down every night until it appeared her naughty young b.t.m. was in a fit state for further treatment. What was more, her legs would be smacked on each occasion before she was allowed to pull her trousers up!

This ritual proved extremely embarrassing. Every night she had to report to "Uncle Jim" as soon as her mum had gone out to Bingo, and while he sat in a straight-backed chair she had to turn her back on him, let down her trousers and touch her toes while his podgy hands explored not only the diminishing cane weals on the "cheeks" but the even more intimate "in between" parts – the latter on the pretext that he wanted to be sure she had not been "careless" any more!

The leg-smacking was even worse. On the pretext that it had to be done on "slack" thighs, and that this meant she had to have her weight off her feet, he made her sit – front facing, with trousers round her knees – on his lap while he passed his left hand under her knees – tipped her well back and then smacked her really hard on the underside of the thighs with his other hand. And as her bare bottom squirmed on his lap under the pain of the smacking, she could feel all too distinctly the protruberance in the front of his trousers!

There were *ten* of these rituals before it was finally decided that it was time for the second and sharper "dose of bottom medicine". For this she had to report once again in vest and gym pants, and have the latter taken down and her seat smacked to the brilliance of a couple of traffic lights! After ten minutes standing in the corner with pants down and hands on head she had to touch her toes, and as that little whippy cane whistled and smacked across her smacked young posterior she reckoned the squeals could have been heard two streets away!

An exposure to such drastic discipline would either turn a girl off it for life or else leave her thoroughly "hooked". Fortunately (for me – and indeed for her!) it had the latter result in Jean's case. But schoolgirls who flaunt their smackable young bottoms in tight shorts are certainly asking for trouble of more than one kind!

B.B.
London

A SCHOOL WHERE GIRLS GOT SIX OF THE BEST

IN THE EARLY sixties I attended North Romford Secondary. I believe it was the first comprehensive to be established in Essex.

In this mixed school, "female discipline" was ably superintended by the young deputy-head, Janet Dines, who may even have had an edge over Jimmy Higgs-Walker of Sevenoaks School, the ex-Worcestershire fast bowler. In the fifties our deputy head had turned out regularly for Essex Ladies as an all-rounder, fast bowler and opening bat. I believe she also represented the county at Squash!

The instrument of our retribution would have done justice to any boys' public school, three feet of really springy malacca, with correct crook handle.

Shortly before my 15th birthday a morning's truancy compounded by an unsuccessful attempt to justify same by a forged "absence note" produced the promise of a thoroughly-deserved "six of the best". I was rash enough to supplement with a pair of strategically placed PT shorts, the rather minimal protection normally permitted on such occasions. The ruse was uncovered (in the most literal sense!) and I got two "penalty strokes" for cheating minus the extra protection, of course.

The soprano yelps of one bending girl, in the upper register, made a lusty counterpoint to the smacking of one bendy cane taking the bottom part. Plus much frantic hopping and rubbing while my name was being inscribed in the school's punishment book ("truancy, lies and deceit: 8 strokes on the seat").

I was glad to note that Churchill School at least is also no respecter of sexes in the matter of corporal punishment. At my school discrimination favoured the boys, if anything, trousers providing slightly more cover.

I suspect Chronicler's "subsequent admiring inspection by fellow criminals" may be the preserve of male delinquents. My preference for taking my tea off the mantelpiece did lead to a maternal inspection, which merely elicited the unfeeling comment that I seemed to have been in expert hands.

My mother indignantly refused a request for cold cream, on the very proper grounds that corporal punishment was supposed to hurt – at the time and for some time afterwards.

I never resented just retribution, nor do I remember any other girls complaining, although it was rare for a caning at our school not to produce much smarting and many tears.

One of my older sisters attended an all-girls school in neighbouring Harold Hill, Quarles County Secondary, where the head mistress, Miss Knapton, was an equally firm believer in corporal punishment but caned only on the hand and often in front of the other girls at Assembly.

This I do think was wrong and I know it was resented by some pupils.

I feel that an element of humiliation is a necessary part of any effective punishment, and may be what makes corporal punishment as a rare and rather awful event especially effective with girls. This element is surely more suitably and more safely provided by a caning in private, with a certain amount of necessary ceremony on the portion of the anatomy which nature has so admirably adapted for the purpose.

This, plus a good talking-to beforehand while the culprit is tingling in anticipation and another afterwards when the tingling has become reality, does more good than all the "lines" and detentions in all the world.

JANET WRIGHT

[redacted]

NAUGHTY BOYS GET THEIR BOTTOMS SMACKED! How I would love to see these words above my letter in the largest possible type you can spare! This would be in support of the sensible wife who gave "Spanked Young Husband!" his first smacked bottom!

And when I say naughty boys I mean those over the age of eighteen! Like the cheeky young husband above, whose letter I have just read in the latest copy of your magazine. However playful the spanking may have been in his case, the fact remains that he had his bottom smacked! And as his wife pointed out to him, it is perhaps about time that readers were reminded that cheeky male bottoms can be spanked - and do get spanked!

I rather envy any wife who turns a boyish husband 'bottoms-up' across her knee for the very first time, as she has done! That first feeling of new authority as she grimly gets his bottom bare regardless of his giggles or indignant squeals, as the case may be, and calmly brings her palm down on a tempting bottom-cheek, is one that any female will find most exhilarating!

I still find it very good for my morale to smack my own naughty

boy's impudent bottom - although I have had the pleasure of doing so many times now! Young husbands, whether just eighteen or nineteen, or in their twenties, can be just as trying and down-right naughty as any schoolboy at times! And I would far rather turn my mischievous young husband over my knee and smack his bottom like a naughty boy than spitefully nag him! And, strangely enough, I think he prefers it too!

Most spankings are of course given in the bedroom! Particularly in the case of naughty young husbands'. It is far more convenient to have the culprit stripped to his Y-fronts ready for going to bed! Or of course a pair of pyjama bottoms can be very easily yanked down! However lenient or playful my spankings may be, I am always amused to see my boyish young husband blush red when I say "Right, my boy! - now I'm going to smack your bottom! - come over here!" He will usually giggle cheekily - but he always knows what he is getting it for! And he knows that I have always a few wifely tricks up my sleeve if he gets too cheeky and defiant! Such as an unexpected dose of Epsom salts in his morning cup of tea! He prefers to take his spanking!

And how I enjoy getting those impudent boyish bottom-cheeks saucily upturned over my knee! The tight fitting Y-front briefs are jerked down below them as muffled squeals of dismay come up from under my chair - and with ridiculous ease my slim young husband is bent over until the bottom is as roundly presented as any naughty schoolboy's would be! For a few brief minutes that cheeky male bottom is controlled with proper schoolmistress authority! Well and truly smacked!

My naughty young husband usually gets about twenty on the bare bottom! Just enough to show him that he is not too old to be spanked! And that he cannot expect to get away with everything just because he is no longer a little boy! As I say with mock severity sometimes when I smack each of his impudently bouncing bottom-cheeks sharply - "If you behave like a naughty boy you must expect to be treated like one!" SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! - "Stop that wriggling you naughty boy! - I haven't finished with you yet!" - SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! until I have a quite rosy red bottom quivering over my knee! Not as drastic as it may sound - but neither

the less my rueful young husband knows he has been spanked when he finally wriggles off my knee! And I can always tell that the bottom has been satisfactorily, although not severely, smacked by the boyish antics which follow! Just like the surprised young husband who wrote to you, my naughty boy also knows too well that a cheeky male bottom can be spanked most efficiently over a female knee!

And why should only the male sex have all the fun of smacking bottoms! Without any disrespect to the shapely girlish bottoms which are displayed in Roue, I maintain that a cheeky young boyish bottom can be just as attractive when pictured nicely upturned over a female knee in the traditional naughty boy fashion! As so many are, believe me!

But whether you decide to portray naughty boys being spanked in your magazine, or not, possibly you will print this letter. And my advice to wives who may read it is:- if you have a cheeky boyish young husband to cope with and you haven't taken him in hand yet - smack his bottom for him! It is much more better for your morale than nagging! Show a calm but firm 'schoolmistress' authority - take him properly across your knee, remove his briefs or shorts in a no-nonsense manner, and soundly smack his cheeky bare bottom! A radio turned up very high is useful for concealing those saucy smacks and boyish squeals! You may find that your young husband quite appreciates a firm hand! But it will certainly relieve your feelings at times! And let us have plenty of female support through your letters from those also in favour of giving male bottoms what they deserve! As I have said - "Naughty boys get their bottoms smacked!" - and they certainly do in my house!

A Bottom-Smacking-Wife!
London, S.E.13.

[redacted]

Sir,

I have been watching the development of your new magazine with growing admiration, and I do so much agree with the comments of P.H. of Manchester in No. 11. It is the realistic recreation of genuine scenes of what the law would term "reasonable correction" that mainly appeals to the true spanking enthusiast, not the unpleasantly sadistic fantasies to be found in too many publications I rate your effort above any of your competitors, and so incidentally does my lady wife. From two such confirmed aficionados as we, that is high praise indeed!

In the pictorial department, the Spanker's Gallery feature is especially good. The school-vest-and-gym-shorted young saucebox in No. 11 is marvellous - every detail perfect, down to the telltale bulge in the trousers of the slipper-wielding schoolmaster. This artist has grasped the importance, so often overlooked, of leaving a little to the imagination of the beholder. We puzzled for some time over the second drawing where the naughty little madam has doffed her vest and gym shorts and stands with arched back, hands on hips, cheekily submissive. We suspected that the teacherly hand, tantalisingly out of sight, was indulging in a little surreptitious "goosing" of the slippered posterior, but the ambiguity of the scene makes it all the more attractive! The accompanying caption was so right to laud the ultimate superiority of smackbottom drawings over photographs, and I trust we may be regaled with many more in the same inspired vein. The headmasterly bare-seat tawsing in an earlier "Gallery" feature was on a par, as were also the "Uncle" scenes in the subsequent issue.

"Old Nick!" in No. 11 would alone send you right to the top of the class! Anne and I detected there an echo of the inimitable style of P.N. Dedeaux, a few of whose novels (*Tender Buns, The Tutor,* and *The Prefects*) we picked up some years ago on a trip to the States: they seem unfortunately to be unobtainable over here. For such a magazine as yours to secure the services of this author would be like *Milady's Boudoir* (with apologies to P.G. Wodehouse!) getting Dame Barbara Cartland under contract! "P.G.", incidentally - God rest his memory - had the right idea: young Bobbie Wickham, the most mischievous and luscious of all Bertie Wooster's near misses (once memorably described as "a girl of remarkable beauty: she resembled an unusually good-looking schoolboy who had dressed up in his sister's clothes"), was once characterised by an irate stipendiary magistrate as "a red-haired hussy who ought to be smacked and sent to bed without her supper". The beak had fined Bobbie "five of the best" for doing 40 m.p.h. down the middle of Piccadilly in her two-seater, and evidently felt that a

rather different "six of the best" would have been more reformative! As for la Cartland, Anne has reminded me that years ago her daughter - then the Countess of Lewisham and now stepmother of the future Princess of Wales - addressed a woman's conference on the merits of corporal punishment, citing her own 14-year-old experience of the back of a smartly-applied hairbrush over the old-fashioned maternal knee. The upper classes, methinks, have still a thing or two to teach us!

In which connection we found especially fascinating (and stimulating!) Claire Donaldson's graphic account in No. 11 of her experiences of a second-rate, aping-its-betters girls' boarding school of the late 1950's. My wife, who started out as a teacher years ago, recalled an article in one of the teachers' papers some time in the 1960's in which the lady author referred with tantalising vagueness - but in clear reference to corporal punishment and obviously from personal knowledge - of unmentionable indignities sometimes being inflicted on adolescent girls in second-rate boarding establishments. I myself recall a similar reference, rather more explicit, in a somewhat "potboilerish" production of the 1950's by a female novelist named Lane or Lake, which had a distinct ring of personal experience: a former convent boarder was recollecting a junior dormitory where the nun in charge kept a cane. There was no overt reference to bare-seat inflictions at that date, of course, but the first-person narrative spoke of the refined cruelty of a regime in which the nuns deliverately heightened the young girls' natural feelings of modesty, and then with equal deliberation violated those feelings in the infliction of the cane. The narrator spoke of the effect thus produced being so intense that years afterwards she blushed hotly at the mere recollection of these episodes, and could not have borne to meet again the schoolmates who had seen her being punished.

One of the most graphic accounts I have ever seen, though, concerned not an obscure private boarding school for girls but a State-run co-educational school - and that in the "swinging sixties". About two years ago the subject of corporal punishment was acrimoniously debated in a local paper in this area, following a "pupil-power demo" at a local (State) school in the wake of which

a number of children, including teenage girls, had been caned. A local newspaper columnist pooh-poohed the fuss, recollecting the advantage he had derived from canings inflicted by a headmaster who had the muscular arm of a former County cricketer. This inspired the following response from a lady who recalled that the deputy headmistress of the Romford (Essex) comprehensive which she had attended "in the early sixties" not only believed in and practised an extremely traditional form of corporal discipline, but had actually played for Essex not only in the ladies cricket team but also at squash! As the deputy head of a co-ed school, apparently, she had the responsibility of "dealing with" the naughtiest girls.

"The instrument of our retribution" (wrote the ex-pupil) "would have done justice to any boys' public school - three feet of really springy malacca, with correct crook handle. Shortly before my 15th birthday a morning's truancy compounded by an unsuccessful attempt to justify same by a forged absence note produced the promise of a thoroughly-deserved "six of the best". I was rash enough to supplement, with a pair of strategically-placed PT shorts, the rather minimal protection normally permitted on such occasions. The ruse was uncovered (in the most literal sense!) and I got two "penalty strokes" for cheating - minus the extra protection of course. The soprano yelps of one bending girl, in the upper register, made a lusty counterpoint to the smacking of one bendy cane taking the bottom part. Plus much frantic hopping and rubbing while my name was being inscribed in the school's punishment book ("truancy, lies and deceit: 8 strokes on the seat")."

This school evidently proceeded on the principle of securing parental approval, because the lady recalled how her mother examined her bottom - because the naughty young "truantess" could not sit down when she came home for tea! - but then "indignantly refused a request for cold cream, on the very proper grounds that corporal punishment was supposed to hurt - at the time and for some time afterwards".

The writer also interestingly recalled that one of her sisters had attended a nearby girls-only State school (which she named) where the headmistress caned offenders (but

only on the hands) before the whole school at Assembly. This, she said, was sometimes resented, whereas the more private posterior inflictions at her alma mater never produced complaints. She concluded her letter with some homespun philosphy of the "spanking good" variety that will doubtless receive the whole-hearted endorsement of J. C. Parsons of London, the final contributor to No. 11:-

> "I feel that an element of humiliation is a necessary part of any effective punishment, and may be what makes corporal punishment - as a rare and rather awful event - especially effective with girls. This element is surely more suitablv provided by a caning in private, with a certain amount of necessary ceremony, on the portion of the anatomy which nature has so admirably adapted for the purpose. This, plus a good talking-to beforehand while the culprit is tingling in anticipation and another afterwards when the tingling has become reality, does more good than all the "lines" and detentions in the world."

I must say that I thoroughly agree with J. C. Parson's assertion that "the normal school punishment for girlish naughtiness, laziness, late for school and all the usual offences for which punishment of some kind is necessary, should be a good sound whipping with the cane on the naughty girl's bottom", though I think perhaps he goes too far in suggesting that this discipline be applied in public, or for something as trivial as simple unpunctuality. This may sound irresponsible, since almost by definition those who subscribe to your excellent periodical are affected by what critics would scribe to your excellent periodical are affected by what critics would stigmatise as the "spanking kink". But there is in fact no evidence - and if there were any surely it would have been produced by now - that a normal traditional domestic or scholastic spanking or caning has any "perverting" influence. This whole argument - beloved in particular of the anti-discipline killjoys (and what a depressing combination it is, indeed!) of the soid-disant STOPP, or Society of Teachers Opposed to Physical Punishment - is of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* variety. The "kink" becomes manifest, or is at any rate first acknowledged, in adulthood, therefore it must be rooted in earlier experience.

This ignores the undoubted fact that - in this lax age especially - many of those most fascinated by the subject of corporal punishment have never themselves as children experienced it. That cannot be said of anyone such as I, who went through the traditional prep- and public-school mill in the 1940's, but I am positively certain that in my own case the "appeal" of the cane predated its actual first experience or even my attendance at the prep school concerned. My wife, who is fully enthusiastic as I, attended decidely "first-rate" boarding schools of great strictness, but where there was never any question of physical punishment being used - only endless "lines", "conduct marks", "gatings", etc.

It may well be that the "erotica" of corporal punishment multiplies as its practice diminishes - which may be a comforting thought for the publishers of periodicals such as your own! Certainly - and I speak here as a considerable bibliophile! - the erotica of "schoolgirl discipline" which survives from the 18th century is quite insignificant compared to the literature of the Victorian epoch. Yet the rapid onset of Victorian hypocrisy and prudery about sexual matters very rapidly "outlawed" the birch from the "boarding schools for young ladies" where it had hitherto been the traditional and well-nigh universal medium of discipline! this was observed by Ryley Scott, some 50 years ago, in his *History of Corporal Punishment*. One of the most famous examples of Victorian "spanking" erotica - though it occurred in a high-class and highly respectable family paper - was the prolonged correspondence on "The Whipping of Girls" in the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* in the early 1870's. So dubious did this epic seem to a later post-Freudian generation that the issues in question were later consigned to the British Museum's "Private Case" along with the papers of Swinburne and the enormous collection bequeathed by Ashbee. Yet Ashbee himself expressed the view that the EDM correspondence was a hoax. The same view was expressed by the pseudonymous author of *The Mysteries of Verbena House; or, Miss Bellasis Birched for Thieving*, which Ashbee (in the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*) characterised as arguably the most

minutely accurate extant description of "a fashionable Brighton seminary for young ladies of the present day". The EDM correspondence was contemporaneously widely suspected to be the sole work of its editor, Sam Beeton, who had gone "off the rails" following the tragically early death of his wife Isabella - the "Mrs. Beeton" of culinary fame. This view is somewhat naively dismissed by Sam Beeton's most recent biographer, but it ignores the extraordinary stylistic similarity displayed by all the letters published.

There seems no reason why corporal punishment, within moderation, should not continue to be both an effective means of maintaining discipline in schools as a punishment "of last resort", and a source of entertainment in papers such as Roue. I stress within moderation. What Claire Donaldson described, though splendid food for the spanking-fan's thought, goes beyond that, and would almost certainly be actionable for assault. What is described so feelingly in the extracts I quoted earlier in reference to the Romford school is within those bounds.

Caning on the hands is surely to be deprecated. It is not wholly lacking in erotic appeal where schoolgirls are concerned: the pretty "blubbered face", which is no small part of the attraction, is as apt to be produced by smarting palms as by a pair of well-warmed bottomcheeks. But to one reared - if you will forgive a particularly corny pun - in the traditional atmosphere of the English public school, hand-caning is unnatural. It was predicated for girls some years ago by the National Association of Head Teachers - which represents the majority of State-school heads in England, at any rate over the age of puberty. It is very difficult to see any rationale for this stipulation beyond a relic of the same prudery which, because bare female bottoms were "indecent", outlawed the good old birch from Victorian ladies' schools.

There were recently reports, in this connection, of an interesting case at Hereford where a local headmaster was sued by a girl of 26 whom he had caned for smoking. The main grounds seemed to be an allegation that the girl's hand had been "blood-blistered and bruised" by the caning. It is good news for Roue-readers that even "Great girls" (to use the Victorian expression) of 16 still get the cane from male teachers - incidentally, that is something which Victorian prudery would almost certainly never have allowed to happen - but it would have been better if the head had "got to the bottom of things". The failure of this action may incidentally have given some much-needed encouragement to hard-pressed schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, and if it drew attention to the risks involved in hand-caning, so much the better. Let the motto be "bend over", rather than "hold out your hand"!

If schools must punish on the hands, from motives of false modesty where adolescent girls are concerned, let them at least use the leather tawse, which is if anything more acutely painful and certainly far less likely to do damage than even the whippiest cane. One of the most celebrated of the *authenticated* "schoolgirl smackbottomites" of the Victorian epoch - Mrs. Walter Smith of Clifton, whose case is detailed in Ronald Pearsall's fascinating account of Victorian sexuality, *The Worm in The Bud* - actually rated a bare-bottom tawsing as more severe than a birching. She is related to have written to one prospective customer, mother of an "untractable" 16-year-old daughter, "I use the birch commonly, the tawse for serious offences. Ten strokes of that would be severe for a girl." The tawse is still the staple instrument in Scotland, but in England - apart from Tyneside, Manchester and Walsall - the cane now seems to hold universal sway in schools. I read recently that the main English supplier (The Bognor Cane Company, of Bognor Regis: the address is 21a High Street, Bognor Regis, West Sussex, and telephone number 0243-824406, "callers welcome", according to the advertisement) supplies up to 500 canes per week to English schools and local education authorities, but the good old tawse seemed conspicuous by its absence.

Still, all those canes must represent an awful lot of blubbered girlish faces and tingling plump palms and smarting adolescent situpons. A spanking good time was had by all, no doubt - and why on earth not!

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of your excellent paper,

J.F.
Westerham
Kent.

Dear Editor,

I wish to start in the time-honoured manner of letters to periodicals with loud praise-making. When I say that 'Roue' is head and torso above the rest of the C.P. press I am not crawling in order to see my letter in print. I am thanking you for brightening the bookstalls by rising to a high standard and showing every sign of maintaining it.

Your ascendancy has coincided with the decline of other once-respected journals and the epidemic of glossy formula-produced magazines that have no enthusiasm, no variety and no interest in their readers.

I admire your concentration on the themes closest to the disciplinarian, your ability to vary the presentation without shifting the emphasis, above all your total conviction.

I think the strongest qualities of 'Roue' are the standard of writing and the illustrations. In the latter case, I think the drawings are better than the photographs. I hope you will be printing more of the drawings in colour. I remember with affection such an illustration in an early edition, showing a little girl made to do her violin practice with her pants down, a sorely spanked bottom and an enchanting expression of tearful, woeful mortification. There is an honesty to an illustration like that which transcends any posed photograph of a stiff professional model, with or without the unconvincing make-up that some of your rivals use as a substitute for the effects of a good walloping.

As far as the writing is concerned, I hope you will continue to supply special correspondence issues for those that want them and not fill your magazine with letters at the expense of your finely-written stories.

I end my eulogy here, with a plea that you don't become complacent in the way your inferior predecessors have done. My letter is becoming dry and thus is unlikely to find a place in such an entertaining publication. It is extraordinary how dull some journals can be about such a delicious subject as the beating of girls' bottoms. However, in setting up a splendid institution like St. Angela's you have insured against failure. You have delivered dozens of luscious young girls into the clutches of admirably severe and lecherous men who, like us, will do anything to get a self-confident female out of her knickers and reduce her to a blubbering bundle of limb-sprawling, bum-bucking misery. At St. Angela's there is thankfully nothing to stop them and every facility to allow them to indulge their fancy to the full. I am especially pleased that big, sexy bums are being thrashed into painful submission regardless of the relative innocence of their unlucky owners.

A serious doubt about St. Angela's must surround the new master, Mr. Walker. Although he is beginning to appreciate his pupils, I cannot understand why such a dimwit was appointed to such an important and responsible post. If he is not caning the girls at every opportunity, he is seriously abusing his position. There are plenty of sterner men who would fill his position better; I can think of one who was unfortunately prosecuted several years ago for giving a couple of teenage girls the arse-searing punishment they deserved at a less enlightened establishment. I seriously suggest you replace Philip Walker and bring an older and wiser man out of retirement.

Finally, I agree with P.H. of Manchester that a celebrity spot would grace your pages and nominate Jenny Hanley for twenty mighty thwacks with a tawse across her naked bottom. Once again, thank you for restoring quality and sanity to C.P. publications and raising them to new heights.

B.L.
Wembley

You'll make us blush, B.L.. Why don't you put a literary strap to an imaginary bottom and send us a few thousand words?

GALLERY

This month Gallery is back in school. And where better to find tight knickers slithering down bare thighs and twitchy young bottoms at the mercy of whatever providence may bring.

New drawings, perhaps accompanied by an account of the background to the scene depicted by the artist, will be gratefully received and published if suitable. The criterion is not technical excellence, nor even expertise. Much more important is the involvement of the artist in his subject matter. Readers may have noticed in other issues that the most pleasing pieces of work have been those where a freshness, or a well-thought-out idea, have been evident in the artist's work. Some, of course, have been both well-executed and erotic at the same time, yet it would not be too high-flown to say that even in those illustrations where draughtsmanship has not been of the best, there is that sparkle and down-to-earth straightforwardness that in other spheres has been called 'Primitive' and has been thought of as on a par with twentieth-century art in general, and worthy of exhibition in galleries all over the world.

Perhaps Grandma Moses wouldn't have approved, and maybe the Royal Academy wouldn't have hang them on their hallowed walls (though who knows these days) but we think drawings on a spanking theme *can* be art, and with our reader's aquiesence we will continue to publish those which have something bright and original to offer.

THE MORE OR LESS NAKED CIVIL SERVANT'S DAUGHTER

Yes, he had to admit it. There had been a time when even he would have said that the most accurate description of him would have been 'dirty old man'. Ah, but since those days he had matured considerably, perhaps even mellowed - though he doubted whether that young lady wrestling with the problems on the blackboard would have thought of him as 'mellowed'.

The piece of chalk which the little sweetheart was clutching in her fingers squeaked nerve-tinglingly across the board. He shuddered at the sound.

"If you don't stop squeaking my chalk across that board, my little angel, you'll be squeaking yourself - across my knee!"

"Sorry sir, but – well, it just does it sir."

"Nonsense. It's the way you scrape it."

"No it's not sir! It's the chalk sir –"

"Don't argue, you imp."

The girl made a 'heavens above' face and turned back to the blackboard. He considered the delicious way that her little skirt flounced out from her waist across her hips. The way her thighs touched lightly together as she stood on tip-toe to erase a miscalculation with the tip of a chalky finger.

"Come here and find yourself a couple of paper clips on my desk."

"Sir?" She turned from the board and made a 'what-the-hell-have-I-done' face.

"A couple of paper clips. You can pin your skirt up – perhaps if you spend the rest of this evening with

your knickers on view it'll remind you of what happens if I have to take 'em down."

"But I haven't done anything sir—"

"Dumb insolence. 'Eyes up to heaven —' all that stuff. You're a cheeky little minx — come here and find some paperclips."

"Eyes up to *what*, sir?"

"Just do as you're told — or do you want to be on duty this evening."

The girl pulled another face. Clearly she didn't fancy the idea. Petulantly she came across to his desk and sorted through the odds-and-ends tray for the clips. When she had found them she eyed him peevishly over the desk.

"Well come on then —!"

"Oh, sir —"

"Come *on* girl — do as you're told!"

She pouted her pretty lips, but reached behind her for the hem of her skirt and passed it up behind her back until she could reach it over her shoulder with her other hand. The skirt curved up from the front of her thighs. The side of her knickers came in to view, snugged around the firm smoothness of her leg. She fumbled for a moment or two, then changed hands and passed the other side of her skirt up her back. The skirt being on the short side anyway, it was unavoidable that the silky-skinned conjunction of her thighs and the seductive pout of her pubis tucked demurely inside her pants should peep out below the hem. She watched him watching and tried to tug the skirt down a little in front. The pinned-up skirt came unfastened and the paper clip pinged onto the floor.

"Oh —"

"You're hopeless. Come here — I'll do it."

Hesitant for a moment, she came round the desk and stood unhelpfully in front of him.

"Well turn round then —" He smacked her impatiently on a bare thigh.

"Ooow!"

He smacked her again. She spun round, anxious now not to provoke him further. Obviously he was in one of his moods.

He fiddled with the paper clip then, took the hem of the skirt and pulled it up, the back of his hand brushing soft yeilding warmth and the knap of her thick school knickers Her round little bum teased him with it's youthful plumpness, bold and pert and almost insolent. She stood sulkily as he failed to clip the skirt to the back of her blouse, easing her weight on to one leg, then onto the other, in a demonstration of mock impatience. The pull of her snug-fitting knickers tugged a pucker of navy blue up between her saucy cheeks and the line of the leg elastic curved up round each buttock to emphasise the youthful roundness of her bottom. If ever a schoolgirl's bum asked to be smacked, hers did. He gave up with the paper clips and settled for tucking the skirt up into the waistband.

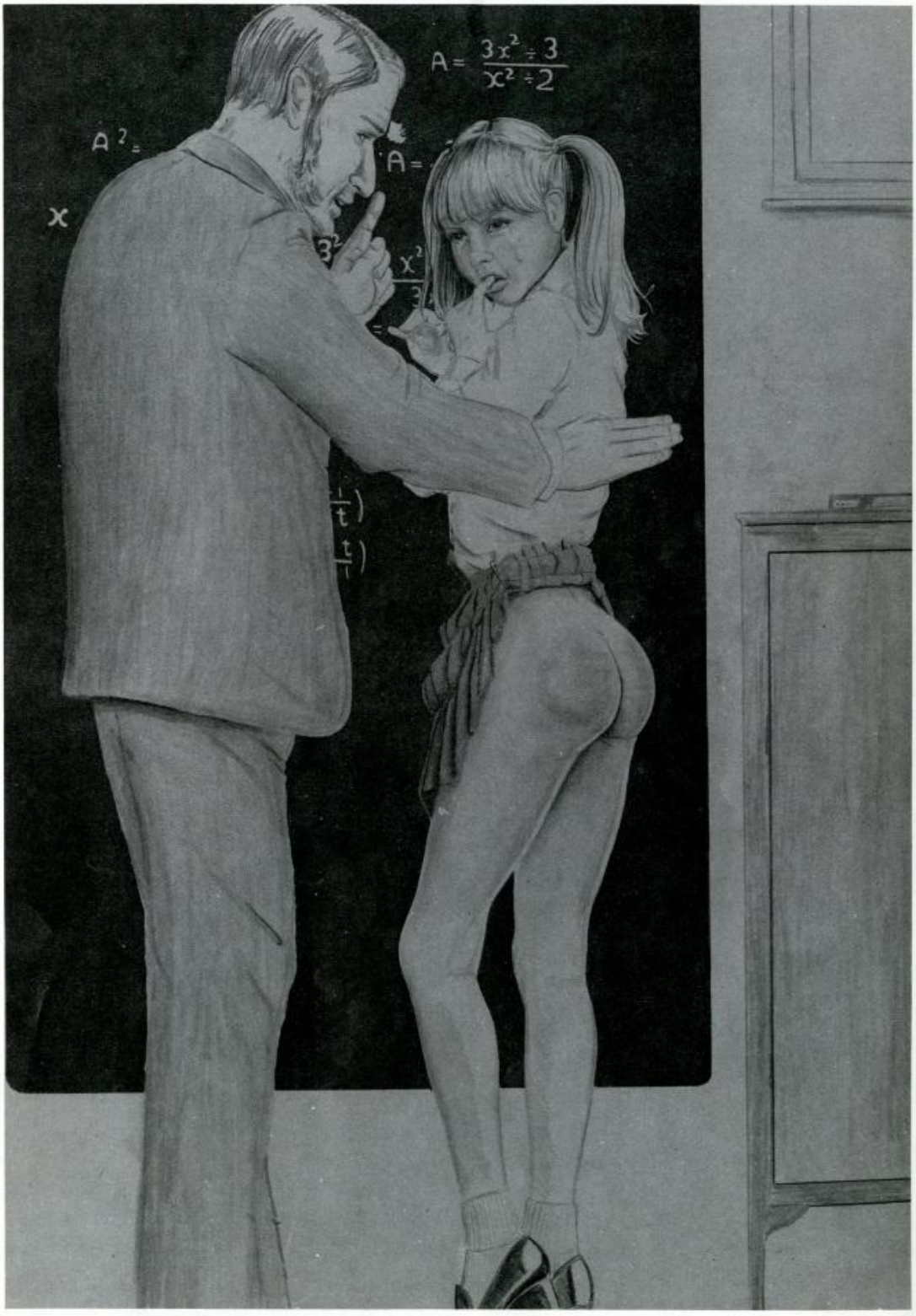
"Now go on —" He slapped one bouncy buttock cheerfully, "— back to work."

"Oow —!" She looked ruefully at him as she rubbed at her bottom, then she stalked back to the blackboard with a reddening splotch up under one partly-bared cheek and her bum jiggling as she walked.

As she got on with the problem on the board a little more earnestly, he lounged back in his chair and teased himself by picturing the wriggles that young backside would execute if he got round to spanking the little cherub this evening. This pleasant flight of fancy properly savoured, he then began to consider when it would be safe to have her 'on duty' again. Tonight it was Sandra's 'duty night'. Perhaps next weekend. The other two permanent members of staff were going up to London for some concert or other. All he would have to do would be to get rid of Matron. Perhaps she could be persuaded to go and visit her sister again. This week it was her mother's turn. Yes, she might be prevailed upon.

His 'duty night' idea had been a superb one. The 'Duty Girl' was on call, whenever the rest of the staff were safely off the premises, from after supper, at seven, until lights out at ten thirty. She would come to his house, which was detached from the school buildings, and change into her duty 'uniform'. Not that there was much of it. It was then her task to fetch and carry, make tea, toast crumpets — all that sort of Tom Brown's schooldays stuff — and in the meantime she had to remember to play 'the game', whatever it happened to be that night, or she got her bum smacked. Last 'duty night' it had been fun. Stupid, but fun. The girl had to add an extra 'sir' every time she spoke to him. Like "Your crumpets are toasted, sir, sir." Giggling was an extra spanking, saved up for the end of the girls' duty. He liked to get them giggling — they didn't seem to be able to help it. The Damoclean Sword of that extra, always prolonged, spanking, seemed to provoke a fit of the giggles rather than the opposite.

The chalk squealed gratingly across the board. "Sorry sir —" she said, over her shoulder. Her knickers looked charmingly close-fitting around her bum. Really very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nice.

Tonight he'd decided that the Duty Girl would not call him sir – she would address him as 'Mickey Mouse'. That ought to guarantee a nice bum-squirming conclusion to the evening.

"You squeaked again." he announced resentfully.

"Sorry –" She stopped working and turned towards him. The sweet plumpness where her knickers dipped between her bare legs absorbed his attention.

"Hmm – well, you can just take your knickers down for that!"

"Oh, sir – I couldn't help it sir"

"I can't help it that I want you to take your knickers down, so just get them down."

"But *sir* – it's not fair sir –"

"*And* you're Duty Girl next Saturday – for being argumentative.

"Oh *sir* –!"

"Want to do your 'duty night' *with* or *without* your knickers on?"

"Oooh –" She looked confused – "– Knick – knickers on, please sir."

"Right – well stop arguing, and *get* your pants down.

She tucked her fingers into her knickers and slipped them hesitantly down. She looked up, eyes on his. The tops of her thighs now nestled on either side of a small blonde ruff of pubic hair, knickers halfway down her thighs. She looked away and turned dubiously to the blackboard. Her saucy little bottom with it's pink slodge on one cheek began to look even more smackable now that it was quite bare.

"Dirty old bugger" he said to himself. Yes, that's what *they'd* said when they sacked him. But what else would you expect from Civil Servants. They could hardly be expected to approve of a man in his position spanking his secretary, could they. Security risk and all that.

But that's where they'd made their mistake. They hadn't known it at the time, but he had been in the department to check on *them*. He *was* Security. And one way and another he'd got the dirt on plenty of them.

"If you don't get *that* one right, you're going to get your pretty little bum smacked my girl."

She looked at him sulkily.

"Oh yes you are."

She turned away and reconsidered her working-out, bare bottom cheeky and asking for it. And likely to get it.

Which was how he'd managed to swing *this* job. One of his 'investigations' had turned up something really juicy on the bloke who was responsible for this school, an establishment which, though small, catered very nicely for the educational needs of the daughter's of Civil Servants posted overseas.

It was amusing how, once one's scruples had finally been abandoned, it had been easy to get the right ones posted abroad – using his 'influence' as a man who knew all the guilty secrets. The 'right ones' were those who – and he'd researched it very carefully – who had school-age daughters, and something to hide. It didn't take much 'persuading' to get them to send their girls to 'his' school – and hardly any more to obtain, in writing, 'parental permission'. Permission to take the young ladies' knickers down for a spot of 'old-fashioned discipline'.

"You've got it wrong."

"Ooh –"

"Yes, I'm afraid you have. I think you'd better take you're knickers right off, my sweet, and I'll come and smack your naughty bottom for you.

"Oooh – *please* sir – can't I do it again?"

"Knickers off, my pet."

She slipped them down and over her feet. Her bottom trembled as she stood up – it would do more than tremble in a minute!

Not all the girls were candidates, of course. About half a dozen this year. But enough.

He had her stand beside him while he went through the problems one by one.

"*This* is wrong!"

"Oh –" Smack, smackitty, smack. "Ooow - oooh - aaah –!"

Her cheeky little bum danced itself crimson. She was crying her 'please-don't-smack-me-any-more' tears when Sandra came into the classroom.

"Yes?"

"Um – it's seven o'clock sir – I'm Duty Girl tonight.

"Oh yes – so you are."

The daughter of the Assistant Under Secretary to the Governor of Balongaland stood self-consciously inside the door in a pair of white satin shorts which simply *couldn't* have been tighter – no, not a fraction. A shiny split-peach nestled at the base of her belly, the legs of the shorts cut away high at the sides – and higher at the back, as he well knew. Bare-bummed, was this daughter of the Assistant Under Secretary or more or less. She'd be a pleasure, an absolute delight. Meanwhile there was the daughter of the Assistant Adviser to the Shah of Whereveritis to be dealt with. Her bottom squirmed as he planted another hefty spank on a bouncing cheek. Oh yes – revenge – even if a sort of second-hand revenge – was *very* sweet indeed.

ANOTHER OF MR. MORGAN'S FUNNY IDEAS

Violet was seventeen, born pretty and born lucky. In eight months at her new school Violet had never had the cane - until today. She knew only what she'd been told by some of the other girls, and the thing that had stuck in her mind was that getting caned *hurt!* They had all been most emphatic about that! Of the ritual a girl had to go through, down here in Mr. Morgan's hidey-hole next to the boiler room, she knew nothing. Wide-eyed and trembling she had simply followed the Deputy Head's directions, and was now standing semi-naked, or at least thats how it felt, in blouse and tie and knickers and socks and shoes and a warm, pink blush. Her hands were clasped on top of her head, which lifted her breasts so that they pushed out and let her see the pertness of her nipples resenting the closeness of the cotton blouse confining them. There was little she could do to stop her tits making such a display of themselves, and anyway she was rather more conscious of the exhibition her bottom was undoubtedly making of itself behind. The smugness of her knickers seemed to have pulled into the cleft of her buttocks, which were, as she was only to well aware, to be the focus of attention in the very near future. She pressed her thighs close together and shivered dismally.

Mr. Morgan, unlike young Violet, knew all about canes and caning and soft vulnerable bottoms and how to make even a four-stroke punishment drag out into a quarter of an hour's misery for a girl unlucky enough to have fallen foul of the school's rule book. And he knew too how to take the fullest advantage of his privileged position as Deputy Headmaster.

Violet's bum, plumply confined, more or less, by the green school knickers, glowed with a warm pinkness which was evident around the chubby under-curves which her pants were too skimpy, or too undersized, to cover. The pinkness in her bum-cheeks, matching the rosiness of her apple-cheeked face, had been smacked into vibrant colourfulness some five minutes before on the long walk from the library, where she had been required to report, to the room in which she now miserably awaited the caning she had been promised. Violet's progress, skirt hitched up to her waist and held clear of her bum with both hands, knickered bottom swerving this way and that as Mr. Morgan had slapped her every third or fourth step from where he had taken up station half a pace behind and off to one side, had taken her past 4B, waiting outside the Physics Lab and goggle-eyed at the sight, past Miss Duncan, the school secretary, who had glared at Mr. Morgan in disapproval, past Mr. Rodgers, the caretaker, who had gazed with unfeeling amusement at Violet's predicament, and past a rather disconcerted window cleaner, who had followed Violet's gasping, teetering, bottom-bouncing progress with obvious disbelief. The clank of an overturned bucket as the two had passed had not interrupted Mr. Morgan's concentration at all. Violet's smarting bum had been thoroughly tenderised by the time the door to Mr. Morgan's room had shut behind them both.

Her skirt had been declared a hindrance to the forthcoming ritual, and now lay folded neatly on a chair. The green knickers, though they flattered the firm rotundity of the girl's buttocks, were now also said to be redundant. With the knack of frequent practise, Mr. Morgan slipped a finger into the waistband of Violet's pants at either hip and turned them inside-out down over the two pert cheeks, completing the operation with a slap which startled a yelp from the panicky girl and made her squirm her hips lewdly while her knickers were arranged halfway down her thighs. Crouching behind her to ensure the neatness of his knicker arranging, the Deputy Head could feel the heat from Violet's freshly-spanked buttocks wafting against his face. Perhaps it was churlish of him to smile at this evidence of her discomfort, but smile he did, and broadly.

Hands still on her head, for she had been told that on no account was she to lower them, and with her knickers no longer keeping company with her bottom, Violet began to appreciate fully the iminence of her promised caning. In a daze of anguished apprehension she felt her blouse being tucked up high under her breasts and knotted in front so that it shouldn't fall down. Mr. Morgan's hands playfully explored the tender plumpness of her bared bottom and patted her cheeks with what was undoubtedly relish at the prospect of applying a cane to them. This made her feel not one whit happier, and indeed produced a pout in her lower lip which pressaged a deluge of tears should any further indignities be in store for her.

Violet having been properly prepared, Mr. Morgan now edged the girl forward, feet shuffling in indecision since she didn't understand what was required of her, and pointing with the toe of his shoe he told her to place one foot on *that* floor tile, and the other on *that* tile, and not to move her feet off these tiles until she should be given permission. The girl did exactly as she was told, finding that to do so she had to stand with her feet some twenty inches apart. The scuffed and darkened patina on each of these tiles held no significance for her. She knew only that this was one step nearer to the moment when her naked bottom was going to get it's very first taste of the cane, and she shuddered at the thought.

Mr. Morgan, not one to hurry on to the port while his trifle still had it's cherry on top, took his time in his tactile reappraisal of Violet's roseate bottom now that she was in the proper position for what he had in mind. The parting of her legs allowed each buttock in turn to be cupped fully in the palm, bounced experimentally, squeezed gently in measuring the resilience of these most canable cheeks, and patted with a 'platt, platt, platt' which made the nervous girl pout even more petulantly. The reconnaissance completed, the cane cupboard was unlocked and several canes were ritualistically swished with Violet's eyes widening with every wicked swipe at the unresisting air. Though her feet still kept to their assigned positions, the girl's knees bent with an inward tendency until the insides of her thighs were all but touching again, giving her a knock-kneed look which, along with the pigeon-toed alignment of her feet made her seem for all the world like a little girl about to wet her knickers, and in truth this is a fairly accurate description of the way young Violet felt, too.

The cane-swishing over with, Mr. Morgan selected a short, straight cane, not particularly thick; the one which in fact he had intended to use all along. Violet's inelegant posture was corrected at once with a flick of the stick across the backs of her thighs.

"Up straight, if you please Miss!"

"Ooow –" Violet's hands dropped down to clasp her legs. Another flick, a sharp command, and her hands were fluttering in indecision at waist level, the wretched girl torn between the need to clutch at the stinging cane marks and the not-to-be-ignored instruction to 'Get your hands back on your head, girl!' Encouraged by a third sharp stroke across her thighs, Violet found herself having to obey the command, though one hand hovered momentarily next to her left ear as if to invite another whack from the cane.

But now, the three cane marks brightening around her thighs, Violet was managing to present herself in the way she had been intended to do. Legs straightened, hands up on her head lifting her breasts perkily, bare bottom trembling rosily and pushing itself saucily out behind in seeming acceptance of the inevitability of it's fate.

With a careful, almost caressing twitch of the cane against the girl's bottom, Mr. Morgan persuaded the nervous buttocks to push themselves backwards a little more invitingly, a quiet word being all that was needed now. Violet thrust her bum out in mute obedience and nipped her lip between her teeth as she struggled against the tears.

All now being ready, Mr. Morgan placed himself alongside his pupil, his body barely an inch away from the girl's hip, cane teasing the firm cheeks – and free hand touching, though only just, the smooth, warm skin of her belly, a finger ruffling the curls at the top of her mound. He spoke in a tone which was a mixture of quiet authority and friendly encouragement.

"Now then my dear, this cheeky little bottom of yours is going to hold itself *just* so –" the cane tapped the bared buttocks with a soft 'thwitt, thwitt' – "isn't it, eh?"

Violet stumbled out a frantic "Yessir" and Mr. Morgan watched the twitch of her spanked buttocks as the cane bounced itself off the crown of her cheeks several more times. With just a little more wrist he flicked a stingier stroke up under the plumpness.

"Oooh –" Violet snatched away an inch or so. The cane flicked again.

"Ooooo-" She teetered forward, bottom quivering.

"Now, now –" The hand on her belly prevented any further forward movement. The tip of a finger slipped down the curve of Violet's curly-haired pubis. The cane trembled in his hand, 'swhicked' across both saucy cheeks together. Violet's bum jerked away from the ting –.

"Come along my girl –" The fingertip coaxed the panting girl back into position, and slid down under the swell of her mound.

"Oooo – ooooh –"

Another stroke, not too hard.

"Come on Violet – there's a good girl."

Swhit – swhit – swhit.

Violet's bum swerved away, the fingers edged her back again. The cane stung once more. Violet squirmed and gasped and snatched forward away from the cane – onto the fingers. She pulled away from the intrusion – her bum thrust itself backwards.

Thwitt!

She jolted forward again.

"Oooo – oooo – s-sir –!"

"That's a good girl –"

Violet wriggled back, bottom pleading for another one. Whack!

"Ooow! Ooooh –"

Slowly she learned. If she squirmed back away from the fingers her bum couldn't help but thrust itself out – for the cane. The more she stuck it out, the harder it got caned. The thing was not to stick it out. If she resisted the urge to slide backwards away from the fingers – well, she still got caned. But not so hard. Enough to make her wriggle. To squirm a bit. Slowly she caught on to that too. The cane flicked – not to chard. Violet wriggled. The cane hovered. Violet stopped squirming. Swhitt! Another stroke.

Violet wriggled quite a lot!

A few tears were inevitable. The eventual outcome was inevitable. Buckling at the knees, hips snatching back and forth as her toasted bum got another half-dozen swishes for good measure, Violet shuddered to the peak of her very first orgasm at the instigation of a man.

Mr. Morgan put the cane away at last. Legs still a straddle, knickers tight-stretched between her thighs, Violet kept her hands on her head and felt the blush flooding hotly into her cheeks.

"There we are –" Mr. Morgan patted Violet's simmering buttocks. "– one properly disciplined young lady. You can pell 'em up now and run along."

Gratefully Violet dragged her knickers up over her bottom.

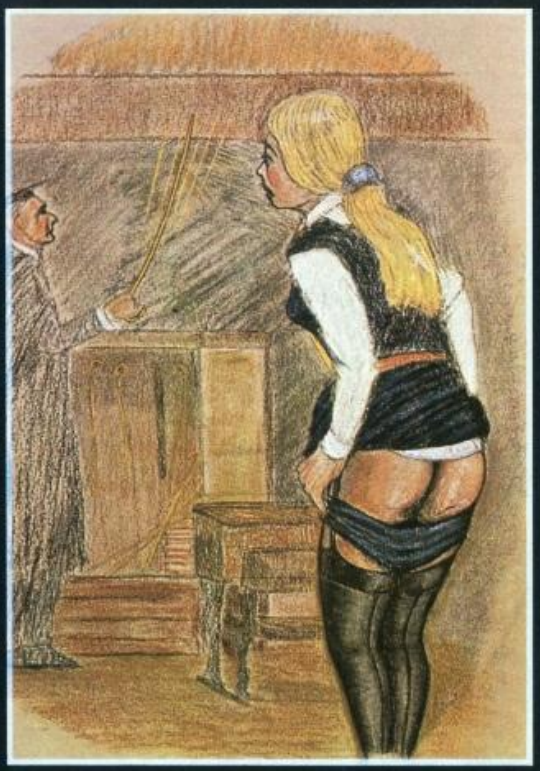
"And you'll know what to expect next time, eh?"

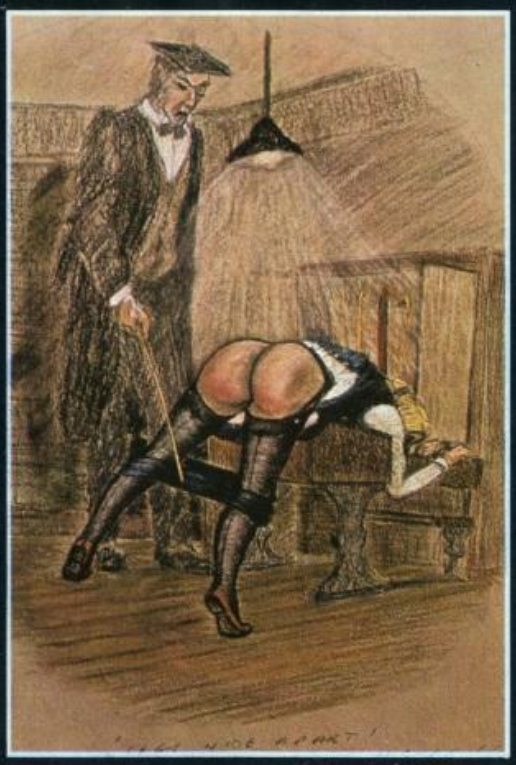
"Yessir" whispered Violet. "I s'pose I will."

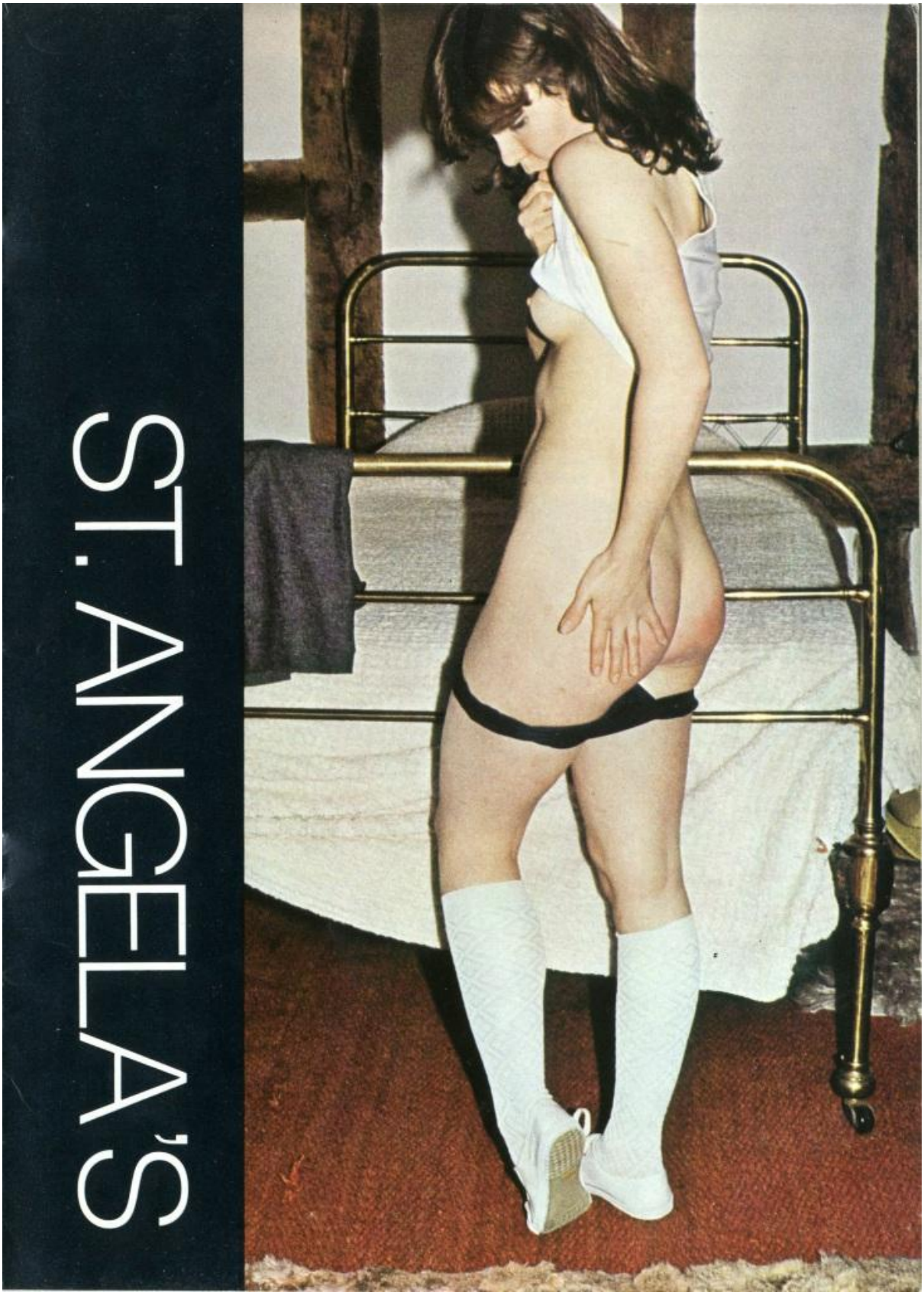
"Slip your knickers down"
What a wealth of meaning in those few words! "Slip". How casual – how nonchalent! The work of a moment, a quiet sibilance of navy pants against smooth bare thighs. A knickered bottom a moment before – now a shivery pair of bared buttocks, quivering as the cane is swished with deliberate ritual, it's springiness tested with the likely resilience of the denuded buttocks and their probable reaction to the cane clearly in mind.

"Legs wide apart."
He lets her know it, doesn't he! "Wide apart." She dies her flushed face and stretches the elastic of her knickers to the utmost.
"Bottom up higher."
Her naked cheeks plump out as she hollows her back.
"Right up on your toes now"
Her tummy nudges against the desk. The muscles in her legs tighten tighten. The cool air dandles its feathery fingers in private places. The cane rests lightly across the crown of her defenceless bum.

"Stand in the corner"
It's over – or at least the caning is. She was lucky to get only four – but Christ! they stung!



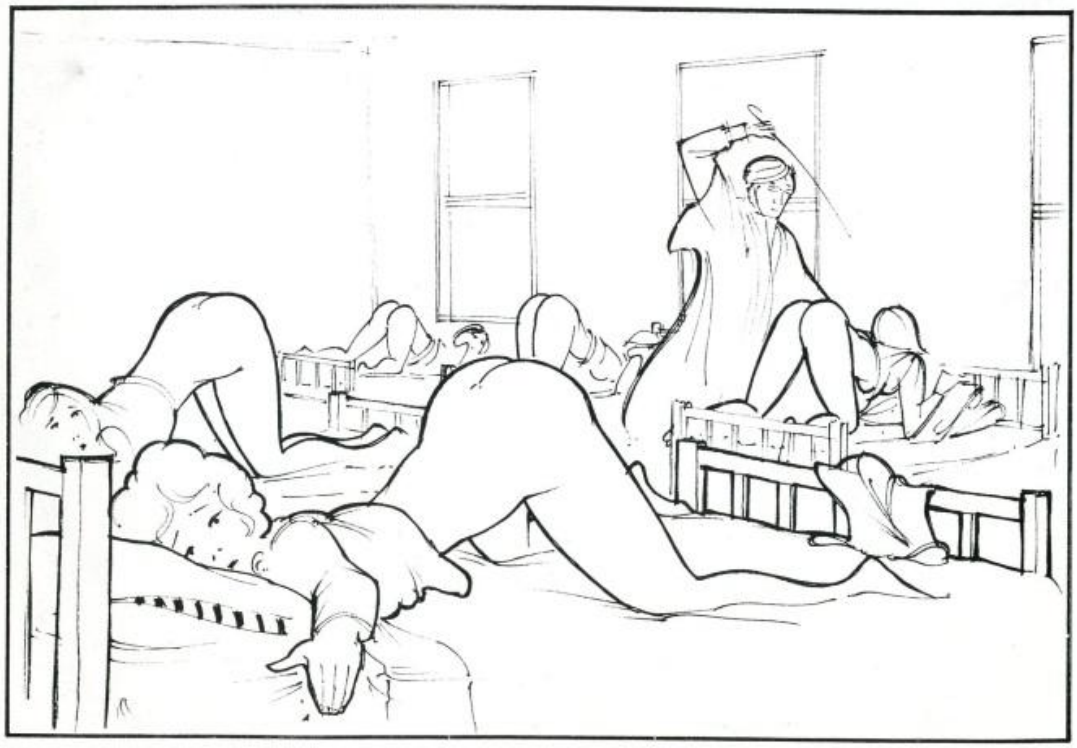



ST. ANGELA'S

DORMITORY DISCIPLINE

It's Thursday bedtime at St.Angelas. Dormitory 2 is occupied by the girls of 7A. Tnere are one or two troublesome ones, particularly Angela Boyle and Sandra Holmes, but on the whole they're a fairly quiet, demure bunch. Giggly and garrulous perhaps, but no more so than most sixteen-year-olds. By twenty-past nine they're busy divesting themselves of their school uniforms and preparing for Lights Out at nine-thirty sharp. Slowcoaches are not tolerated at St. Angela's so the removal of garments takes precedence over girlish conversation for the moment.

The white-walled, low-ceilinged dormitory has twenty beds - which leaves one spare, since there are ninetten girls in 7A. Beside each bed, a small cupboard and plain wooden chair. Nineteen navy-blue-knickered bottoms spring into view as, almost simultaneously, nineteen gymslips are raised above heads, removed, and placed neatly over the chairs. Blouses are unbuttoned and taken off, vests raised, pants lowered. Nineteen bare bottoms of various shapes and sizes, some bearing the unmistakeable marks of punishment incurred during the day. Paragons of virtue they may be, but that does not mean that they don't qualify for bare-bottom spank-



ings over their teacher's knee, or even occasional stiff doses of the cane. No girl escapes without getting a sore bottom at St. Angelas. There's plenty of willing male hands to see to that!

Suddenly an altercation develops between Angela and Sandra. It revolves around a packet of chewing gum that Sandra insists belongs to her, despite Angela's indignant protests to the contrary. They're still arguing seven minutes later when Mr. Evans strides briskly in to call 'Lights Out'. The staff do dormitory duty on a weekly basis. Most find it irksome. They'd much rather be in the village pub down the road. But Mr. Evans enjoys his work and takes it very seriously. The girls, to their cost, have been made painfully aware of the fact, and are always extra punctilious when he's prowling about on duty. Yet he always seems to be able to unearth some fault, some crime, some heinous sin that incurs for the luckless offender a soundly smacked bottom - at the very least. Indeed, 7A have been on tenterhooks all week. They dread Evans's nightly arrival, knowing full well that he is only waiting for the slightest infringement in order to pounce.

And pounce he does! 7A are all, by now, neatly tucked up in their beds. All except Angela and Sandra. Sandra still has her pants on, Angela her vest. The argument is still raging:

"It's mine!"

"No, Sandra, you beast - I tell you it's mine! I remember buying it from the tuckshop on Tuesday!"

They're completely unaware of Evans's presence, as he marches swiftly down the central aisle between the two rows of beds, grabs the two miscreants by the ear, and pulls them over to a vacant chair. The two horror-struck girls are far too shaken and terrified by his unseen arrival to offer any excuses whatsoever. Evans is, anyway, notoriously deaf to pleas of mitigation and clemency.

"I'll teach the pair of you to flout Dorm Drill! Insolent baggages! You'll be sleeping face downwards tonight, that's for sure!"

Wails of alarm greet this announcement. The rest of the class, safe and sound in their beds, thank their lucky stars it's not them, and surreptitiously ease themselves into good vantage positions. They all want to watch. Very few girls in the school actually *enjoy* being spanked, yet the subject holds a kind of morbid fascination for them and universally popular as a spectator sport.

"Ooh PLEASE don't spank me, sir!" Sandra pleads, fluttering her eyelashes and pouting prettily. "I've already had six of the best today from Mr. Walker for getting my Maths homework all wrong. He really hurt

me terribly, sir! Look, sir!"

And to prove her point Sandra slips her pants down at the back to reveal six neatly parallel red weals decorating her pert little bottom. Delighted titters from her classmates greet this disclosure. Evans inspects Walker's handiwork critically:

"Hum...quite severe! Definite 'tram-lines'! Good to see young Walker standing for no nonesense!" he muses with satisfaction. He runs his large, heavy hand up and down the quaking contours of poor Sandra's bum. He pinches each cheek in turn and traces the horizontal weal-marks with his fingers.

"Does it still hurt, Sandra? Is it still painful?" She nods and bites her lip, fighting back the twinges of discomfort, the shame of such a public ordeal and the fear of what is to follow. Evans's questing hand discovers a particularly tender part, low down on Sandra's right cheek, and she winces and starts to cry as he pulls her knickers further down her thighs. Angela watches aghast, her hand raised to her mouth. She knows her turn is going to come- the having to actually *wait* for it is an additional torment - like at the dentist's. If she had the chance, she'd feel more than tempted at this moment to change places with Sandra, and receive her medicine now. Looking at her wailing, protesting classmate already in the process of being upended over Evans's lap, Angela intuitively surmises that Sandra would raise no objection to the swop!

Besides, it was hardly fair! Sandra's modesty had, at least initially, been preserved by her knickers, whereas poor Angela is denied even that luxury. All she has on is her skimpy cotton vest and white knee-socks. The little vest finishes well above where her swelling bottom cheeks commence, and so the target area is, as it were, already well demarkated! She feels utterly indecent and her buttocks twitch nervously. Evans appears to be fully occupied with Sandra. He's taking his time positioning her correctly across his lap. He always seems to attach great importance to the preliminaries.

Taking full advantage of the situation, Angela feverishly whips off the vest and dons her dainty blue baby-doll nightie. It's made of the flimsiest nylon and almost completely transparent. The top barely covers her bottom, and the panties are equally abbreviated, with pretty scalloped edges. She is more developed than her partner in crime, and she knows it. The little pants tightly hug her bottom-crack and a lot of bare cheek protrudes either side. Still, she feels a little less exposed and vulnerable now, even though she knows she won't be allowed to keep her pants on.

Meanwhile, poor little Sandra's bottom is receiving Mr. Evans's full attention. She howls, wails and shrieks as Evans spanks her slowly, almost impersonally. For him it's all part of the nightly dorm duty routine. Hardly a night goes by without him having to spank one of the girls in one of the dormitories. Some nights it reaches epidemic proportions, and the entire occupants of a dorm end up getting their bottoms roasted. In fact tonight is turning out to be fairly uneventful. Still, there's always the consolation that there are four more dormitories to inspect! And he returns to the matter in hand - or rather to the girlish bottom that's under his hand.

The fact that she's already been caned that day makes it all the more painful and humiliating for Sandra. Her legs scissor and her fists frantically pummel the floor in response to the rain of smacks descending upon her rapidly-reddening sit-upon. Though small and petite, it nevertheless pouts and protrudes jauntily and appealingly above slender, coltish, tanned legs. Evans's schoolmasterly hand is already sore and stinging from the persistent impact it is making with Sandra's naughty bottom. Vainly she attempts to squeeze her cheeks together, but that only seems to make matters worse. Her bottom resembles two lush tomatoes, ripening more every minute as the spanking hots up in intensity. She wails, shrieks and sobs as smack after stinging smack descends Then Evans finishes her off with six of his notorious 'humdingers' that echo sonorously around the low-vaulted room. The seventeen occupants of the beds are by now sitting

bolt upright, glued to the spectacle taking place in the centre of the room. Angela sits nervously on the edge of her bed, biting her lip and stroking her bottom apprehensively as her own moment of reckoning approaches. When Evans finally lets the scarlet-bottomed Sandra off his lap she rushes, sobbing, to her bed, kicks her pants off into the corner, grabs her nightie and bundles into bed - uttering a painful "OUCH!" as her well-spanked, well-caned bottom makes contact with the hard, unyielding bed. Grimly she rolls over onto her tummy, wishing to blot out all the pain, shame and disgrace she's had to endure.

Now it's Angela's turn, and she's weeping even before it starts, because her classmate's ordeal is so freshly and graphically imprinted on her memory. Humbly she begs Mr. Evans's forgiveness, but such feminine guile and manipulative deviousness cuts no ice with him. Not for nothing have the girls unanimously dubbed him 'Spanker of the School'! He's spanked more girls than they've collectively, had hot dinners. No way is Angela going to wriggle out of it, although her penitent, pleading postures do seem to cause her well-endowed bottom to shimmy more sexily than ever.

Stonyfaced, Evans harangues her mercilessly as she stands between his legs. He makes her raise the front of her nightie, while he slowly lowers her dainty little blue panties to mid-thigh. He knows he's going to enjoy this. There is something almost poignantly delightful about spanking a girl in a baby-doll nightie - she looks so defenceless and vulnerable. Angela is all fresh and glowing pink from the bath. Evans can smell the fragrance of teenage-girl's talcum. She's very particular about cleanliness, and always religiously talcs her female, intimate parts.

So it's knickers down and a soundly-smacked bottom for Angela Boyle as she lowers herself timorously across his broad, tweedy lap. The strong, masculine aroma of his pipe hangs about his clothes. She's not as tall as Sandra, and her hands fail to reach the floor, though her legs do make contact and thus provide her with some sort of anchorage. She knows it's going to hurt. She's never been spanked before at St. Angelas - only caned, though never by Mr. Evans. But then her stepfather spanks her regularly, sometimes for no apparent reason. She's often wondered why. And why he always insists on her taking her pants down. Sometimes it even happens in the living room, in front of all his friends. It's not much fun for a teenage girl to have her bare bottom spanked to boiling point amidst a roomful of leering, jostling middle-aged men. And her mother never sticks up for in the slightest. She only sniffs and utters some sanctimonious platitude like: "I'm sure your father knows what's best for you!"

And then, why do they always head for the bedroom after she's been spanked? Poor Angela feels she's getting a little old for these painful indignities! Indeed, the older she gets, the harder and more frequently she seems to get it. Wasn't it supposed to be the other way round? No - St. Angelas is paradise compared to home!

But now her plump, nubile bottom is about to be warmed by the 'Spanker of the School'! She knows she's for it. Her one desperate resolve is to clench her legs together as tightly as possible to prevent Evans seeing more than he ought! Her last-minute reflections are rudely interrupted as she suddenly realises that the spanking has begun! Schoolgirlish wails greet her mentor's posterial assault. The meaty SMACKS that follow decisively prove that Angela is indeed the possessor of a well-fleshed pair of buttocks. They wobble engagingly, like blanc-mange. Her vocal utterances grow in urgency and intensity. Her flimsy little blue panties continue in their anklewards descent, until in exasperation she kicks them off, resenting the hobbling effect they are having on her leg movements. Thus liberated, she commences to fling her legs unashamedly in all directions - breaking her avowed resolution to keep them tightly together.

She grizzles and blubbers in total submission as her frantically writhing bottom begins to take on the same scarlet hue as Sandra's. Her pain and contrition impel her to urge Mr. Evans for forgiveness. She'll do anything if only he'll stop. She even offers to take a bare-bottom caning the next day if only he'll relent in his present fury! But the implacable Evans just carries on spanking that deliciously plump bottom of hers, like an enthusiastic chef tenderising steaks for a gourmet's delight!

In a desperate attempt to escape her punishment, Angela tries to wriggle forward off his lap until her legs leave the ground and her hands make contact with the floor. Now her legs are kicking and scissoring more energetically than an Olympic swimmer's, and Evans is treated to frequent glimpses of all her innermost, inner-moist, secrets. Her pubic hair, fragrant and dusted with talc, the delicate folds of her clit, and below it, her pretty little vulva growing wetter and stickier by the minute. Further up, deep between her cleft, her other opening. And the poor, upended girl blushes deeply for shame in the knowledge that her frantic wrigglings have caused her to display even *that*, too. She'll never be able to look Mr. Evans in the face again!

But Evans is an old hand, and has seen it all. Before they're spanked, girls are always full of the best intentions. Full of firm resolves not to display their all. Cheeks tightly clenched, they come across his knee all innocence and prudery. But by the time their twitching bottoms have acquired the requisite scarlet hue, all former resolutions of modesty and decorum have gone by the board, and there they are - brazenly and shamelessly exposing themselves to his stern, appraising eye. Angela is no exception to this rule. As she kicks her legs outwards and upwards, Evans judiciously centres his smacks so that they fall in the downy cleft that divides her cheeks. When Angela feels his fingers brush against her anus she cringes in utter degradation. Yet when his fingers skate across her vulva, she lubricates generously, and his finger tips retain traces of her stickiness.

Now that she's slumped forward and her bottom is dramatically arched he can concentrate on her more vulnerable areas - areas like the tops of her thighs. That always seems to produce the most spectacular results. In Angela's case it sends her into fresh floods of tears and pleas for mercy. She feels it's unfair - he seems to have been spanking her for hours. Much longer than he did Sandra. And it's all Sandra's fault, too. It *wasn't* her chewing gum!

Evans concludes the spanking with six real bottom scorchers, to ensure that Angela will not be sitting comfortably tomorrow. Or the next day! A spontaneous outburst of applause from the surrounding beds greets this finale. Evans mentally detaches himself from the wretched,

snivelling girl draped across his knee, and looks up in shocked amazement, to see an excited audience aroused to fever pitch. Girlish pantings: heaving breasts; twitching, writing bodies.....!

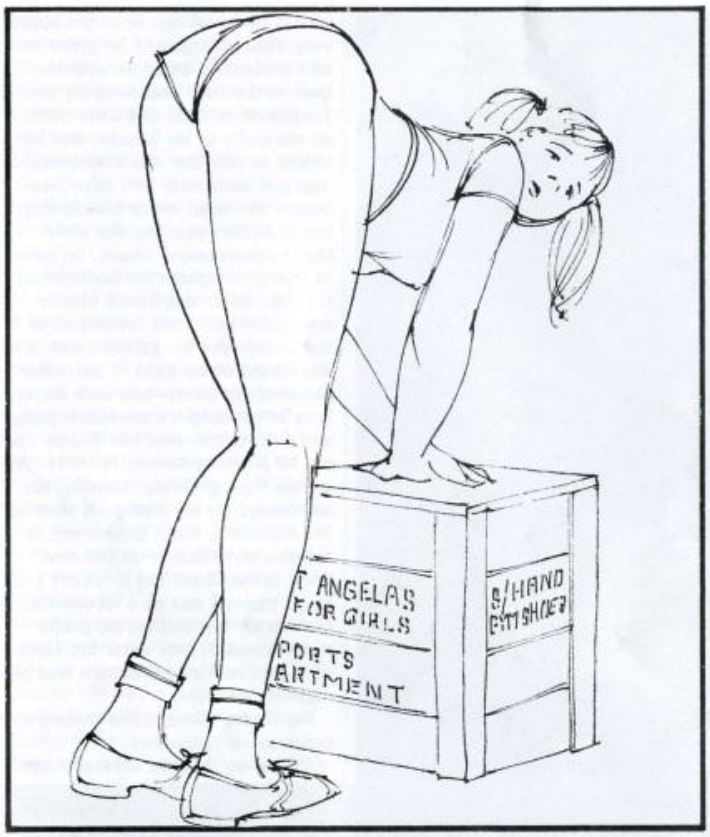
"Damn it! The little devils are actually *enjoying* it!"

He pats Angela's crimson bottom lightly, not affectionately but impatiently - urging her up from his lap. She doesn't need much urging. She leaps to her feet and commences to busily rub her sore, afflicted bottom. Evans dries her eyes with his handkerchief and tells her to put her pants back on. Then he tells her to pop down to 2D and fetch the longest, swishiest cane she can find. While she's gone he addresses the owners of the seventeen bottoms, already shivering in justifiable dread:

"Right, girls. Eight strokes apiece! Bend over your beds, pillows under tummies!"

Jane Carter, the swot of 7A, does some rapid mental arithmetic, gasps, and whispers to her neighbour, Kerry Walters:

"Crikey! That's a hundred and thirty-six strokes! He'll be here all night!"



SHORT SHORTS

"SIR!" During the whole of my years at St. Angela's I never managed to hear the way Mr. Archer said 'SIR' without jumping an inch or two. It sounded like a cross between a grunting cough, and a bark, and no doubt stemmed from the days when he was in the Army...a crack Guards Regiment, as a colour sergeant so rumour had it.

After an early retirement he had joined St. Angela's as a caretaker some ten years ago, and as far as anyone could tell was apparently one of the fixtures. Frankly he scared the living daylights out of the girls, or most of them, and I was no exception.

And..wait for it!..his steely gaze was concentrated at this moment on me! Those half-shut eyes under the beetling bushy eyebrows were flicking up and down the slightly trembling figure of a sixteen year old schoolgirl in full St. Angela's uniform.

White blouse..slightly displaced school tie..pleated skirt..long black nylons with seams a bit skew-whiff.. not-too-flat strapped black shoes.. all set off to perfection, if that's what takes your fancy, by the school blazer.

None of this was new to Mr.Archer despite the assiduous way he was looking at me, for in truth it wasn't the clothes I was wearing that he was concentrating his eyes on.

Even though he'd seen me before, in the sense I'm thinking of, about two years ago, you could see his limited I.Q. trying hard to remember what was under the uniform..particularly under that pleated skirt.

In any other situation, and with someone else, I would certainly have revelled in such male interest, after all male company wasn't that frequent around St. A's. But this was different, oh yes very different, our ex N.C.O caretaker was working out exactly what sort of maiden's hips his slipper would be applied to in the gym.

Mr. Payne hardly bothered to look-up from the punishment book as he wrote my name and what he had in store for me later. He snapped it shut and said quietly.

"Archer, take this young lady down to the gymnasium and deal with her."

"SIR" replied Mr. Archer, he might just have been an automaton for all the response Mr. Payne's request had upon his face.

He turned on his heels and almost gave a click as he strode past me towards the study door.

"Follow me Miss..if you please.."

The end of the sentence was a bit of window dressing..Archer used to call it 'bull'...I followed Mr.Archer.

As we reached the door Mr.Payne's voice came over almost as an afterthought.

"Mmm...MMM..mmm..one moment Archer...shorts and slipper.eh.eh?"

"SIR" Mr. Archer hesitated... "Thank you Sir...bare to finish SIR?"

It was I presumed a purely rhetorical question, unless Mr. Payne intended to visit the gym, what Archer did was entirely his own work, concern.

"Your discretion Archer..just make absolutely sure it stings man!"

Mr. Payne seemed almost annoyed at the interruption to his peace.

"You can trust me Headmaster. Come along Miss don't dawdle..left ..right..left".

The study door closed behind us and in a slight daze I found myself marching briskly along the corridor towards the gym, slightly ahead of Mr. Archer, guided by his hand on my left elbow. For a few yards we proceed in silence.

He cleared his throat of thick phlegm as he always does before making some stupendous, potentially world shaking pronouncement. I decide it would be in my best long term interest to pay diligent attention to his words.

"In trouble again Miss?"

I nod.. "Yes Mr. Archer I'm afraid I am."

Scrumping apples Mr. Dobbs tells me Miss."

I nod resignedly.

"Didn't old Dobbin give you a chance to 'beg off'...not like him to report a pretty girl without giving her a chance..?"

"I'm afraid I didn't take up his offer Mr. Archer." I replied.

"Price too high eh...so he 'shopped' you...pity..still that's up to you Miss..too late now."

I nod..perhaps ten minutes in the gardeners shed would have been less painful, even if it had been more shaming.

We continue in dead silence into the deserted gym and Mr. Archer steers me into the usual place, his hidey hole cum store room.

A ghost of a smile creases his face for a split second and I realise he is about to make one of his rare attempts at a joke..I'm all ears ready to respond...

"Hope the apples are going to be worth it Miss?"

I strain my face into a grin, and reply.

"My name's 'Eve', Mr. Archer."

He looks decidedly puzzled at my quip.

"I thought you were Wendy Thomas Miss."

"Sorry Mr. Archer..I am Wendy Thomas...it was a joke.."

"Cut along to the changing room and pick up your vest, shorts, gym shoes, and socks, if you please Miss, and look sharp young lady I've got things to do after I've seen to you."

I feel like a condemned criminal, but within thirty seconds I'm back in the store room with the required gear under his watchful eyes. He looks at me for a full minute. and you can almost see the cogs going round as he trys to memorise the last occasion he had me at his disposal. It proves to be too much for him, and....

"Strip!" he barks.."ALL OFF, EVERYTHING!"

My blazer comes off first and I hang it tidily on one of the hooks he has on one wall. I try to work out whether he'd prefer blouse or skirt next, and settle for the school tie whilst I'm thinking. From the approving sideways glance he gives me as I pretend to struggle with the knot in the tie I decide to try topless. Tentatively I undo the little buttons on the cuffs of my blouse, and he seems to like the way I am proceeding, and as slowly as I dare I unbutton the crisp white blouse from top to bottom pushing out what chest development I have, no harm in trying to lighten my punishment if I can. With both hands simultaneously, I pull the lower part of the blouse out from the nipped in waistband of my skirt, I am rather proud of my twenty-one inch waist! Lots of schoolgirls are rather podgy and cylindrical. Not me! Whilst I may not be a raving beauty at least I have a nice figure, nicely rounded, bit too 'sexy' for my own good here at St. A's-worse luck! Blouse off..it follows my blazer onto the next hook...now what? Bra or skirt? I opt to go topless and as I loosen the clip on my bra and let my pretty pink tipped tit-bits enter his field of view I realise my choice was the correct one.

Mr. Archer cleared his throat, and pronounced judgement.

"Growing up Miss Thomas I see... Hhhrrruuumphh!"

I hung my bra up and slid my skirt round my waist so as to bring the little back zip round to the side. I slide it down and undo the button at the top of the opening, my hips are just a little too full to allow my skirt to drop to my feet and I had to wriggle it down over the full pears of my buttocks. Mr. Archer made no objections to my gyrations. At last that pool of pleats made a circle round my ankles and I stepped out of the protection of the material.

I had to turn round to hang the skirt up on the hook, and I sensed Mr. Archer coming up behind me.

"Keep your arms up Miss." he ordered, and doing as I was told left me fairly vulnerable to what happened next.

Two large hard rough calloused palms slipped round my waist to encircle it, and his hands were so big that with his fingers in front on my soft belly and his spatulate shaped thumbs behind my waist on my back he could very nearly encompass my waist completely.

His hands didn't however stay long round my waist, the rough palms ascended up over the slight swell of my tummy above my navel and his large palms cupped my little girls

breasts. I had to put up with his squeezing and fondling for quite a time, trying not to wriggle too much, but he made me put mt feet back and my legs apart about a few inches, then it was:-

"Push your hips back Miss...right back now..try not to wriggle Miss.. keep that bottom well back now... legs a bit wider eh..yes that's good.."

He stood closely behind me so that I could feel the hardness of his body against my hips, and I continued to wriggle as he took over the job of completing my stripping. He peeled my panties down to my knees to bare my bottom and then unclipped my suspenders. My suspender belt was undone in its turn and hung on another hook above my head. My naked bum cheeks came in for a minute or twos fondling before he stood away from me, and then I was told to take the rest of my clothes off.

When I was completely naked Mr. Archer made me stand legs apart, hands on hips and slightly bent forwards whilst he inspects slowly and deliberately my nubile young schoolgirl figure.

I wriggle a bit as he fllows up his eyes exploration with his hands again, but a sharp reminder to behave myself accompanied by a few stinging slaps across my buttocks soon brings me to my senses, and I co-operate fully as he assesses just how firm my bottom is for what he has in mind.

"Get your shorts, vest, socks and pumps on Miss." he commands.

I start to put my knickers back on playing for time.

"NO KNICKERS UNDER THOSE SHORTS." he bellows.

Hastily I slide my briefs off again and struggle into the tight hip-hugging thin scanty shorts. Mr. Archer enjoys watching me encase my plump little behind into the shorts knowing my bum cheeks will be held all the firmer for his 'slipper'.

At last I am attired to his satisfaction and he leads me like a lamb to the slaughter over to the high gym-horse in the corner of the store room.

"Now Wendy Thomas..."

"Yes s-si-sir."

"Hands up on the 'horse'...good girl..that's right bend well forwards.. ..hips all the way back now..legs apart..wider..wider..much WIDER... feet further back...COME ALONG GIRL!...arch your back..ARCH IT!.. stick it well up..BUM WELL UP!.. ARCH!..BUM UP!,,HIGHER.. HIGHER!..BUM RIGHT UP!..that's good..now relax those cheeks..let them go really floppy..let..them.. FLOP..let me jiggle them..relax girl relax..try to make them wobble like jelly."

At last he seemed satisfied, and for the next minute or two the regular 'SPLATTS' of the smooth slipper across the thin taut drum-like tension of my skimpy shorts interspersed with my pitiful sobbing echoed round the caretaker's hideyhole.

He slippered me quite mercilessly, hard and with deadly accuracy borne of long practice on innumerable girls bottoms over the years. He timed the strokes so that each one had its individual sting added to the overall red hot tingle in my bottom, he left no area unattended on the wiggling barely protected pert cheeks.

At last it was over, and I am left to stay there sobbing my heart out, not daring for one second to take my hands off the horse until he gives me the word, too distracted

by my hot tingling buttocks to care much as he peels my shorts down well below my hips and runs lascivious hands over the wiggling jouncy scarlet cheeks.

He makes me bring my feet together and rise as high as I can up onto my toes, making me thrust my pink tingly bottom cheeks back onto his hard horny calloused palms.

As I slowly surface and hear Mr. Archers heavy breathing and grunting coughs from behind my still nervously twitching hips, at last what he is saying slides into my consciousness.

Slowly I straighten up from my bent over position on the horse and pull up my shorts sufficiently high over my lower cheeks to hobble after him across to the pile of horse-hair valuting and exercise mats piled in the far corner of the store room.

He sits himself purposefully down on a pile of mats and beckons me over his knees.

At his peremptory request I lay my thinly clad semi-naked figure across his all too solid left thigh and wait for his instructions. Another "HHHRRUUUMMPHH" from Mr. Archer heralds the next stage of my punishment.

"Push those shorts down..further, right down, more than that, all the way down to your knees...legs wide apart now..really.wide..stretch.. wider.. bend your knees up a bit.. don't let those thighs come together.. ..come along now..don't lets have any fuss about your modesty..I've seen it all before don't forget..all of you girls are much the same you know..."

When I was spreadeagled across his thighs with my firm bare white thighs in exactly the position he wanted, and my chubby little sixteen year old buttocks stuck high enough up for him to smack hard, he ran his rough right palm over the reddened tingling cheeks.

My sore bum writed involuntarily in his hand.

"Oooohhh...aaahhh...nnnngh...oh no..pl-please Mr. Archer..oh Mr.."

I implored him to stop. "Please don't r-rub m--my b-bo-bottom..it's s-so-so-sore..don't smack me Mr. Archer--I'll be ever so good, please don't..aaahhh..ooowww..smack my bare bottom..please not after I've had the slipper..it'll hurt--it'll st-sting..it'll sting horribly..I know it will Mr. Archer..please Sir please let me off...OOOOOHHHHH!"

The sharp crack of his hard hand across my tender bottom cut my pleading short and I began to squirm and cry again.

He smacked my wiggly jumping tender buttocks quite without mercy whilst I blubbered like the young schoolgirl I was, and with red eyed whimpering tears running down my cheeks I was spanked into abject submission with the utter ruthlessness he was renowned for in the school. When at last it was all over, and I lay exhausted across his knees I could sense my scarlet bottom cheeks jerking and quivering with the sore anguished sting he had inflicted on my innocently tender full pert schoolgirls buttocks.

Mr. Archer let me lie there until my pitiful sobbing tears had died away to some semblance of respectability and then he made me stand half-naked in the corner of the room, shorts down round my ankles and my reddened sore behind on full parade whilst he entered my name and 'punishment' in the little note book he kept for future reference. Then a sharp slap across my still sore bum reawakened the flowing embers as he told me to..'get a cold shower Miss and then get your clothes back on.'...

Mr. Archer watched me showering in the alcove off the changing room quite openly admiring the contrast of my scarlet buttocks against the white goose-pimples produced in the rest of my skin by the icy shower. As I dried myself on the rough towel he handed me, he came and 'lent me a hand' towelling vigorously over my breasts, buttocks and upper thighs, feeling me squirm in his hands as the towel made my sore bottom tingle. Then he watched me dress, confining his attentions to merely assisting me to replace my knickers: and helping me to suspender my stockings. Half-way through my redressing he took a long look at me, and announced:-

"Mr. Payne told me to tell you to report to 2D after prep Miss...8.30 sharp...don't be late Miss if you know which side your bread's buttered."

END OF FIRST HALF....
SECOND HALF TO FOLLOW.

Mr. Archer's announcement of a visit to the Headmaster in room 2D had filled me with gloom, and with my buttocks still smarting like fury from the double spanking I had just received I struggled back into the remainder of my uniform and silently returned my shorts, vest, socks and gym shoes to the locker room.

I had to go to 'prep' now and I certainly wasn't looking forward to sitting down on one of those hard old oak desk seats for the next hour to do my 'prep', the wood was rough and worn and wouldn't do a lot of good to my sore buttocks, but 'prep' finished at eight, and I would have half an hour to try to repair the ravages of Mr. Archer's administrations before I went to see our beloved Head.

Normally of course after 'prep' finished there was a short break for rather watery tepid cocoa and a hard biscuit until lights out for the older girls at about 9.30. But this evening was going to be a little different for me-8.30 in Room 2D with Mr. Payne meant although he would have finished punishing me by 9.00 easily, I would almost certainly spend another hour entertaining him one way or another. I'd be back in the dormitory about 10pm, creeping in by the faint light coming through the windows trying desperately not to wake any of my room mates, knowing my face would be a shamed red and streaked with dried salty tears. Then I'd huddle under the cold sheets not daring to sob too loudly from the memory of my experiences at the Head's hands. 'Prep' was as awful as I thought it would be--wriggling continuously trying to find one little patch of bottom unmarked by Mr. Archer's spanking, I just couldn't concentrate on the work I had been set to do, thinking about 2D...in fact I earned myself a future punishment from Mr. Moore who was taking prep, and I had to tell him I wouldn't be able to 'go to his study' later. However he promised to see me the next evening during 'prep' instead. Even this didn't take my mind off going to see Mr. Payne at half-eight. I'd had a few sessions with him over the years, and I knew my softly developing curves attracted him, and although he would often cane a girl for 'naughtiness', an evening visit meant almost always a hard palm applied to the firm soft curves of a teenaged bottom.

By the end of 'prep' I could at least sit with a modicum of comfort, and although that state wouldn't be long lasting I meant to make the most of it. I tried hard to forget Mr. Payne whilst I 'dunked' the hard old biscuit in the unsweetened cocoa but it was no use. The biscuit stuck

in my dry throat and I began to feel sick with fear, in my imagination I could already feel the heat flooding back into my buttocks, and I started to squirm on the bench seat in anticipation.

My friend Sally must have guessed what had happened to me, which wasn't so odd as if anything she was 'chastised' more often than I was.

"Have you been----sm--?" she left the words unsaid as I nodded.

She was all sympathetic..."Who ...?" she whispered.

"Mr. 'sodding' Archer." I replied.

"Christ that's bad luck Wendy." Sally had been smacked by Archer only last week and knew what he was like....."Did he lay it on thick?"

I nodded gloomily...."I'll say he did..he spanked me twice, first with the slipper and then bare with his hand, I was allowed to keep my shorts on for the slipper, but you know what they're like Sal..all thin and skimpy...and to cap it all Sal'.. I've got to see old Payney in 2D at half-eight." My voice sank to a mere whisper as I thought about it.

Sally's eyes went wide with fright and horror, and it took her a few moments to speak.

"You've got to see Mr. Payne tonight after Archer has spanked you twice already..go on Wendy you're pulling my leg..even Mr. Payne wouldn't... would he?.."

"He's got it in for me this term Sal'..I know he has...he told me at the end of last term after he'd given me six strokes of the cane just before we broke up for Easter that I had the makings of a good prefect if I were handled firmly, and he put all that in my report for Mummy's benefit amongst all that smarmy rot he writes so that your Mum and Dad won't worry that he keeps you here until you're eighteen at least.

Anyway Mummy fell for it all 'hook line and sinker' and he made a point of seeing her at the Sports Day and he complimented her on that silly flowery hat she was wearing, and she was so 'chuffed' she persuaded Daddy I'd be better off in 'Mr.Payne's safe hands'. Safe hands indeed...if she only knew Sal!"

"Oh Wendy that's awful.." Sally looked suitably horrified.."Poor you...come on though Wendy..it's twenty past eight, and you haven't changed into your 'Jammies' yet.. you haven't forgotten have you?"

As we both hurried up to the 'dorm' I realised I had completely forgotten that an evening smacking by the Head was always given in a very special pair of thin cotton pyjamas given to each girl when she joined the school..terribly skimpy and almost as transparent as cheese cloth purposely issued a size too small so that when you at last managed to smuggle into them, both the top round your breasts and the bottom round your hips fitted like the proverbial pair of chamois gloves. Miscreants who had to see Mr. Payne were expected to be in Room 2D in their 'jammies' by the time he arrived..any lateness was suitably 'rewarded' as you might guess.

Sally actually took an enormous risk in coming down to 2D to help me change into my pyjamas and take my discarded uniform back to the 'dorm', and I found out later she had been caught by Mr. Payne in the corridor and was told to sleep in the special room he kept on one side for a really late night smacking in fact he dealt with her after he had finished with me. But that's a story on its own for later consumption.

Whilst Sally was on her way back 'to the dorm' with my uniform I was struggling to don the special pair of extra thin cotton pyjamas Matron issued to the girls in the Upper forms. They were always kept in one of your locker drawers in case you were smacked by the Head or even one of the other masters after prep. As usual I found the trousers fitted like a drum, skin-tight over firm young maidenly buttocks, and they were held up by little buttons at front at the waist, five or six buttons in all going well down into the taut crotch of the trousers and threatening to burst off if you had to bend. Little ribbons threaded through the pyjama legs just below the knee, and even the legs of the

pyjama bottoms were pretty tight, at least round the upper thighs where most teenagers were fairly soft and chubby. The cotton was quite transparent, specially adapted so that Mr. Payne could see the increasing reddening of the buttocks as he spanked the wriggling sobbing teenager across his knee. He would often slowly undo the little buttons at the front of the trousers using the opportunity to slide his bony fingers over the wriggling protuberant pudenda. Often the punishment would be concluded with the weeping girl across the chest of drawers or bent forwards over the chair with Mr. Payne using a strap or even the cane.

I hadn't been 'spanked' after prep now for almost a year, but the memory of one of the Heads notorious spankings quickly flooded back into my memory, and I could feel my buttocks tingling in anticipation. I didn't have long to wait for the reality!

As my ears picked up the first faint steps in the corridor I began to tremble and hope my ears were deceiving me, but slowly the sounds grew louder as the Head approached down the long corridor, and it was almost with a sense of relief I heard the clip-clop, clip-clop down the four steps to the green door of 2D.

My eyes widened with fear as I watched the door handle turn..if only some fairy-godmother could whisk me away safe from the attentions of Mr. Payne.

As he came in and locked the door he looked as usual..very strict and very, very stern, his cold fishy eyes taking in every feature of my trembling pyjama clad figure.

When at last he seemed satisfied with what he had to operate on, he cleared his throat noisily.

"Hummph, Mr. Archer dealt with you eh?"

I nodded.

"Make it sting properly did he Miss?"

My throat felt dry as I managed to whisper.."Yes Sir"

"Made you cry eh?"

I nodded.

"Difficult to sit down at prep eh..eh?"

I hung my head..too ashamed to even whisper.

"Lost our voice have we..bottom still sore I expect..come on girl... speak up now...did he make you cry or not...hurry up or I'll give you something to really cry for...strap across your bum eh..mmm..eh?"

I had to reply and pretty quickly if I wanted to avoid that strap.

"Please Sir..oh please Sir he smacked me ever so hard Sir..I had to cry it was ever so sore and it was only just before 'prep' Sir... it's still sore Sir..oh please no sir.. please don't rub my bottom... its ever so sore sir..I'll be a good girl.. please don't smack me Sir.. not over your lap Sir..oh not like that Sir..I'll tell my Daddy Sir.. oh no..no..NO...you mustn't..ooohhh.. aaah..not there..please...NOT UP THERE...OOOWWHHH..AAAHHH!!!!!"

By now I was hard down across the Head's lap, and his bony fingers were fondling and kneading my tender cheeks so that I was wriggling like an electric eel across the rough tweed of his trousers. He made me part my thighs and straddle his raised left thigh pulling me closely against his paunch so that immediately I could feel his ridge stiffening under my belly.

"Now Miss...last time I saw your dear mother I promised her that this school would turn her naughty tomboyish daughter into the semblance of a young lady by the time she was eighteen and this evening my girl I am going to give you a sound lesson in manners!"

With these words ringing in my ears, I felt my buttocks rise up as he elevated his left thigh, and the taut thinly clad cheeks came up towards the hand of retribution.

Mr. Payne didn't spank half as hard as Mr. Archer but what he lacked in brute force he made up for in finnesse, spanking with precise attention to every detail, wristy little flicks of the stiffly held hand landing with the sting of a hornet exactly on the spot he had chosen. He covered every little bit of my gyrating buttocks, the creasts sides, tops, and bottom of the tightly held cheeks, imparting a soreness

to the poorly protected cheeks that was almost unbearable.

Then he started on the backs of my thighs from the knees up to the soft underparts of the buttocks taking every opportunity as I kicked to deliver a stroke now and again to the insides of the thighs.

After this general warm-up, he began to concentrate a series of smacks on one area after another, about five or six delivered to exactly the same spot, such as the crest of one buttock, making each slap stingier and harder than the one before until I was begging for mercy through my pitiful sobbing.

He paid particular attention to the soft flesh at the bottom of my already sore bum cheeks, the soft 'chub' of the teenagers bottom, bending me right forwards so that my nose was almost touching the chequered tiles, and the backs of my squirmy thighs were parallel to the top of the chest of drawers where the canes and straps were kept.
I tried not to break down completely and blubber like a fourth or fifth former, because I knew he liked to reduce a girl to bitter tearful sobbing so that he could smack her 'for not being a brave girl'.

But it was no use I just had to give in eventually, and began to feel the wild squirming of my legs and the tingly gyrations of my buttocks work themselves up into my set facial mask, where my teeth were gritted and my fists clenched tight in my efforts to 'be brave'.

When at last the breaking point came my subjection was fast and total. Suddenly I felt my face contort and my sobs become gasps of deep breathy intake.

"AAAhhhOOOHHH..oh pl-please--Sir--oh-OH--SOR..no..no..nooOOO... SiirrR.. oh my bum..MY BUM..Please SIR MY BUM...NO..NO..NOOOOOOOO ...."

"Be quiet at once you SILLY LITTLE STUPID GIRL...stop that STUPID CRYING--now just stop behaving like a BABY..now I'm going to have to smack you really HARD...REALLY VERY HARD INDEED."

For the next five minutes at least the Head spanked my bottom and thighs in full measure despite my weeping and crying, until my bottom was on fire with scarlet hand marks..I hardly noticed when he stopped and vaguely felt my 'Jammie' trousers slide right down to my knees.

He left me across his lap to cry and wriggle my heart out, and he loved every second of it, keeping me pulled tight against his trousers, so that my tummy was squirming against the hard ridge, if my thighs gave any indication of slowing up in their scissoring across his knees a few slaps soon had me moving again. I began to feel ever so funny at the tops of my thighs, sort of shamed yet excited, all I knew was it felt lovely, it never occurred to me that it was anything to do with my smacking, but I just didn't want it to stop. At last I felt myself go rigid across his lap my taut thighs forcing my buttocks up and down as if they had a life of their own.
As Mr. Payne set me on my feet to adjust my clothing I did just wonder what happened to the hard ridge in his trousers.

ROSY ROSIE

It must not be assumed from 'The Rosalind Bottomley File' (Roue 11) that actual sexual intercourse between a master and a pupil was a normal occurrence at St. Angela's. It quite definitely was not and indeed if the Head or, worse, the Governors had known it had taken place on this occasion between Rosalind and Mr. Evans then he would have been sent packing immediately, senior master or not. For it was something which could never be countenanced at a reputable school.

Inevitably though with a girl such as Rosalind - very attractive and also known from her background to be no longer a virgin - the thought of sexual intercourse was bound to pass through more than one master's mind. But of course it was more than any of them would dare do to translate the thought into action. And Mr. Evans, though he had frequently indulged in daydreams in which he fucked Rosalind, had not really intended to do it: it was just that at that particular caning session the temptation had finally been too great, with Rosalind's deliberate teasing - blatantly opening her legs to display herself when he had her over the desk, and then asking to have her bottom rubbed with cold cream. It was simply too much and in the heat of the moment he had pushed her down on the bed, and without pausing to think of the possible consequences had started unfastening those old-fashioned fly-buttons which he still insisted on having on his trousers.

Contrary to what might have been expected from Rosalind's previous demeanour she started struggling when she realised what Mr. Evans had in mind but the aroused master, his head in a whirl and his trousers lowered, had been unstoppable; pinioning the struggling girl, pushing her legs apart, and then forcibly mounting her. And then delivering a series of exquisite thrusts which in his over-excited state resulted in an all too rapid climax. It was marvellous, fantastic - while it lasted. But then Evans came down to earth with a thud as the realisation of what he had done hit home with crystal clarity: not least the fact that the wretched girl, now crying, had of course had no form of contraception.

Rosalind's tears were genuine, from the shock and dismay at what had happened. She had never for one moment dreamt that Mr. Evans would do it, and had only meant to annoy him with her teasing in order to get her own back for those awful stingers he had moments earlier landed on her bottom. She was not a promiscuous girl and indeed when she had been living with that Clapham car dealer earlier she had only been letting him do it because she had no option. And he had been the only one - until now that dirty sod Evans had done it as well. Her tears started afresh as she too thought of the dreadful possibility of having a baby: at least Mr. Goldman in Clapham had put her on the Pill, wheras now....

Evans' first reaction, after drawing up his trousers and refastening his fly-buttons with what dignity he could muster, had been squalid fear for his own skin. If this should ever become known.... To be followed immediately by a firm resolve that it would not become known. It had clearly all been the fault of this wretched over-sexed girl, and indeed he wondered briefly if he should not give her another caning. But while it would certainly do her good he reluctantly decided against it. Her bottom was looking pretty well-done already and he didn't want to overdo things in her present state and trigger some unfortunate reaction - such as going to the Head, or even to someone else. (In another moment of quaking fear he could see the gutter press getting hold of it: 'Master Has Sex With Teenage Pupil' emblazoned on the front page.)

No, controlling himself, he instead peremptorily told the girl to get tidied up and then started on a lengthy and frightening lecture on the consequences which would occur if what had taken place ever became known. The gist of this was that Rosalind would undoubtedly be removed from St. Angela's to a proper Borstal where the conditions would be such as to make St. Angela's seem like a veritable Holiday Camp. And to put what had just happened in a more favourable light he told her that at such an institution she would automatically be forced to have sexual intercourse with all of the male staff whenever they felt so inclined. It's a well-known fact, said Evans authoritatively. And once having been to such a place a girl was inevitably branded for life, an outcast, with no possibility of ever living it down. (In all this there was no mention of what his own fate would be. Presumably he was to get off scot-free in his role as the innocent sorely-tempted party.)

In any event a chastened-looking Rosalind went off promising not to breathe a word: she indeed had accepted at face value everything Mr. Evans had said. And feeling just a little better, that gentleman couldn't resist a quick feel up her skirt as she went out. As regards the possibility of a pregnancy - well, he could only hope for the best. And if instead the worst did happen in that regard he would just have to deny all knowledge - and perhaps blame, say, that youth who delivered the school papers.

Rosalind, though, could not dismiss the awful possibility so lightly. For if it were to happen, well, whatever would she do? It preyed on her mind and it was this as much as the prospect of a third punishment that day (The Rosalind Bottomley File) which later precipitated that unfortunate business with Mr. Pink when she had panicked and run off.

Evans naturally had been sick with fear again when this happened and also when she was subsequently found and brought back to school. But as 'The Rosalind Bottomley File' relates Rosalind did not disclose what had taken place in Mr. Evans' room, although she was still desperately worried about possibly being pregnant. And indeed it was not until a week after that final awful ordeal - being caned in 2D in front of all the Governors - that she knew for sure she wasn't.

This whole time was a very trying one for Rosalind for she really did seem to be a prime target for just about every master. And not just the masters but it seemed the Governors too, for it was at about this time - just a couple of weeks earlier - when there had been that ordeal with Mr. Grimsley in the sports store room (as described in 'Rose and Charlotte Recommended') when Rosalind and Charlotte Lawson were both wearing those distinctly too-tight shorts with, of course, no knickers underneath.

It had not actually been all that accidental, for the gym mistress, Miss Davies, knew that Mr. Grimsley was particularly appreciative of well-displayed big-girl contours. And so, especially for his visit to the gym class, she had conveniently 'lost' Rosalind's and Charlotte's

normal shorts and substituted those two other pairs which were indisputably too small for them.

The tight shorts had the hoped-for effect, putting Mr. Grimsley in a decidedly good mood as the two girls were kept behind after the lesson and taken to the sports store room. And there of course, as we know, were given a distinctly harrowing time, Mr. Grimsley using the slipper to very telling effect on those tautly-covered bums. And additionally handling both girls' private parts in a manner which, if it ever became known, would do his public image no good whatsoever.

Yes, there was just no escape for a pretty girl at St. Angela's and it had all been really getting to her. The worst though had undoubtedly been this fearful wait to see if anything would result from what Mr. Evans had done; and when finally it was evident that it hadn't, that she was going to be alright, well, it was such a relief that she felt as if all her worries were over.

But they weren't, of course. Masters at St. Angela's unfortunately did not change and in particular Mr. Evans did not change. And that initial fear he had had of exposure, subsequently reinforced by the Head's warning when Rosalind had run away, well, the fear had gradually disappeared as he realised that he had scared her sufficiently into keeping quiet. And as his fear diminished so his desire for her returned: a desire to cane that tempting bum again and also, putting it bluntly, a desire to fuck her again as well.

The need to cane her could be satisfied easily enough once all the excitement had died down and he had got his confidence back. He waited just a week after Rosalind's caning in front of the Governors and then simply produced a trumped-up claim of slack work followed by an order that she present herself at 2D after classes that day. Knickers down over the chair and 4 stingers on her bare bottom: good sharp stingers which made the pretty girl gasp but nothing too punitive, nothing to bring up angry welts as he had done before. For this caning was primarily a warning, a taste of what he could do with the cane if she was not docile, co-operative.

Because Evans had that other need in mind, a need which was definitely intensified by the sight of Rosalind's full upthrust bottom now squirming painfully from the cane. His hand reached out for one red-striped buttock, squeezing it greedily, his excitement mounting at the thought of once again having intercourse with her. He was quite conscious of the undoubted risk but that only served to increase his excitement. With the front of his trousers bulging unashamedly and in a somewhat shaking voice he told her to report to his rooms that evening at the beginning of Prep.

o-O-o

But contrary to what Rosalind feared there was nothing immediately threatening when she entered Mr. Evans' room that evening. She was conducted to a settee in front of a cozy fire and there was coffee freshly prepared and biscuits laid out. The master was undoubtedly on his best behaviour although this did not preclude him, as he sat down next to her, reaching out and fondling a firm shapely breast through Rosalind's crisp uniform blouse. 'The dirty beast!' she thought: but she knew he hadn't invited her to his rooms just to do that. There had to be some other reason for giving her coffee and biscuits and he was obviously after something. She warily sipped her coffee while Mr. Evans groped.... and started questioning.

And what he questioned her about was the Clapham car dealer business. She had of course been having ..er..sex with him? 'Y...yes Sir' Rosalind's eyes lowered unhappily as she wondered what was coming.

'Nice, was it?' asked Mr. Evans, 'I mean, you enjoyed it?'

Blushing, Rosalind mumbled: 'Well, I....um....not really Sir.'

'Of course you enjoyed it my girl.' He enthusiastically squeezed her breast. 'Come, come: There's no need to be shy. And I expect you miss..er..having it now?'

Rosalind looked distinctly unhappy: 'Uh....no Sir. I don't Sir. I mean....'

But Mr. Evans knew better: 'Come now, please! It is a recognised fact that once a girl has..er..started then she misses not having it. I'm sure that's a large part of your trouble here at St. Angela's.'

Having established this he now changed his tack to the area of his primary interest. How had they managed to avoid her..ahem..getting pregnant?

'Well Sir, I....that is, he made me.. ..well, go on the Pill Sir.'

Ah! As Evans had assumed and just what he wanted to hear: 'And you were able to obtain supplies of these..er..Pills?'

Rosalind all at once could see a certain awful possibility behind Mr. Evans' questioning: 'Well Sir.... I....um....'

The master's tone at once became more aggressive: 'Now kindly do not prevaricate with me, Miss. I asked you a simple question!' The hand at her breast squeezed.... painfully.

'Oooh! Oh please Sir, no Sir, I mean yes Sir!'

'That's better. And how exactly did you obtain them?'

'Well Sir, this lady, Mrs. Rochelle. A friend of Mr. Goldman, the man I was living with. She got them for me Sir.'

'Ah! And this lady: I expect you could get in touch with her again?'

'I....I don't know Sir....'

Mr. Evans squeezed again ('Ouch!') 'Miss, would you like another taste of the cane? I could really make that nice bottom of yours jump, you know!'

'Oh no Sir. Please Sir. Yes Sir. I mean yes, I think I do know where she lives.'

'Yes, I thought you might. Well now listen to me carefully, young lady. There are obvious shortcomings in your work here as I and other masters have not infrequently observed. And the reason for this is quite simple, as I have already intimated to you. It is not, as some masters might think, because you are basically lazy but is rather the result of your personal background. As I have told you, when a girl starts having..er..sex at an early age, as you have done, then her body unfortunately comes to require this. And when, as in your case, this..er ..sexual activity is subsequently stopped then serious hormonal imbalances are set up which result in inability to concentrate, listlessness, etc. In fact all the symptoms which have been seen in your work.'

All of this of course was a complete travesty of the truth. Apart from the fact that Evans was talking a lot of mumbo-jumbo about hormone imbalances Rosalind's work, as we have seen from 'The Rosalind Bottomley File', had been excellent since joining St. Angela's. But unfortunately the truth was not always important. The pretty girl sat with head lowered, a flush spreading over her face, knowing there was nothing she could say: as always at St. Angela's you didn't argue.

The hand continued to knead her breast as Mr. Evans went on: 'And so I have come to the reluctant conclusion, Miss, that there is only one answer to this problem. You are a..um..highly sexed girl and you cannot now do without this.er.. stimulation. Unfortunately you are still a schoolgirl, albeit an eighteen year old one, and society does not approve of schoolgirls getting..er.. sexual stimulation. And quite rightly so in the normal course of events, but in your own case.... Well, anyway, if you are to get it then it has to be in..ahem..a discreet manner.'

Mr. Evans drew a deep breath such as a man might on announcing his intention of undertaking some heroic

deed:

'What I intend then Miss is to provide this..er..stimulation myself. I shall do this only because I am convinced it is necessary and of course not for any gratification of my own. Indeed I shall be taking a considerable risk but I am prepared to accept that. What you will do is to come here to my room, I think twice a week, when I shall..ahem.. that is..well..have intercourse with you. You will observe the utmost discretion of course, coming I think after supper and telling absolutely no one of these visits.'

He paused for just a slight breath and then continued:

'I am convinced that you must start on this--er--programme at the very earliest opportunity. So you will immediately contact your acquaintance and obtain supplies of these.. er..Pills, which naturally you will take most conscientiously. We don't want any..ah..slip-ups, as I'm sure you will agree.'

It was all so unbelievable that Rosalind could only blink, with Mr. Evans' words seeming to run around in circles in her head. She might have thought he was joking except that she knew he wouldn't be joking about something like this. And of course the dirty beast had done it once already. Now he was planning to do it regularly twice a week under the pretence - she knew it must be a pretence - that it was all for her own good.

But there was nothing she could do, she knew: no one she could go to to prevent Mr. Evans doing this. If she went to Matron she wouldn't be believed ('What a nasty imagination you've got, Rosalind. I think what you need is another dose of the cane.') And if she went to the Head she'd get exactly the same response - and probably be bent over his desk there and then. While all the time there was that threat of Borstal where all the guards and officers, or whatever they had, would be doing it to her. No, she could only agree and submit. She felt she was going to break into tears at any moment.

Mr. Evans, though, obviously could not wait to get the arrangements started. Pulling the girl round sideways so that she had her back to him and he could reach round and now take hold of both breasts, he wanted to know if she could phone the lady right away - that evening as soon as he had finished with Rosalind. Then he could get her a pass to go out of school and collect the Pills - tomorrow perhaps?

Rosalind had an awful sense of helplessness. All this when she had just been telling herself that her problems were over. Now - well, she just felt a sense of despair. She thought briefly of trying to put Mr. Evans off by saying that she didn't have Mrs. Rochelle's phone number, but what was the use. She had this dreadful feeling that he could see right into her thoughts, and he would know she was lying. And then he would simply cane her until she could take no more. She tried to blink away tears, dimly aware that Mr. Evans was now unbuttoning her blouse.

Rosalind was blinking away more tears when she left the room half an hour later. She was now without her knickers, holding them in one hand while the other ruefully rubbed her bum; for she had been given another caning, as Mr. Evans said 'just to remind you what you have to do young lady'. Rosalind had pleaded: 'Please Sir: not the cane again Sir. I'll do just what you've told me Sir. I promise.' But beastly Evans had insisted, unwilling probably to let her leave without getting her knickers off. It was not a severe caning, though, more what the Head would term a 'touching up', over the arm of the settee, with knickers off, three across her bottom and then two across her upper thighs. Just enough to make her yelp and ensure that she towed the line. She was to report to Mr. Evans the next day and then....

Rosalind duly did it all as she was told: contacted Mrs. Rochelle, telling her a fabricated story as to why she had to have them; got her pass from dirty beast Evans; collected the horrid Pills; and started taking them. And one week later made her first horrid after-supper visit to him. It was, well, horrid; but then she hadn't expected it to be anything else.

o-O-o

Yes it was all horrid and awful, the clandestine twice-weekly visits to his rooms either in her normal uniform or changed into pyjamas and dressing gown....the discreet knock at his door....his head popping out and peering anxiously up and down the corridor....and, once inside, her knickers or pyjama bottoms coming off immediately. And then, afterwards, the equally clandestine walk back.

It was awful alright, but there was the saving thought that it would not be forever; for she was in her last year at St. Angela's and in really just a few months would be out of the reach of beastly Mr. Evans and all the other beastly masters. She would be free to get a job and live her own life and not be continually harassed by lecherous masters who could never leave you alone. Because she was already 18 and in fact would be 19 by the end of term, and there was no way you could be kept at St. Angela's beyond that.

At this point, our contributor is about to allow the charmingly named Rosie Bottomley to escape from St. Angela's by reason of her approaching nineteenth birthday. The editorial staff have had to mount an operation to prevent this unfortunate occurrence. Operation 'Rosie Recaptured' follows.

But there was. Because, 'progressive' though some of the 'educational techniques' might have been at St. Angela's – in particular the 'sexual theraputics' of Mr. Evans, St. Angela's was, like many an institution, somewhat hampered in its operation by cumbersome and grossly inefficient secretarial arrangements. In the past, administrative muddles had been responsible for many oversights, ommisions and misaprehensions, and with the school's administration floundering along as it did, it dawned on Mr. Evans that by a little sleight of hand in the office while no-one was about, a secretarial 'cock-up' might be engineered which would facilitate the continued perpetration of those more literal 'cock ups' to which Mr. Evans, the beast, had become accustomed.

A secretive visit to the school office, an alteration here, a 'mislaying' there, a letter on the school's headed notepaper, to Rosalind Bottomley's family explaining the 'original miscalculation' – and there it was. All at once Rosalind Bottomley was recorded in the school's records as being, not eighteen, but seventeen. Her family had been advised that their Rosie would not be home at the end of term, since she was going on the Pennine Expedition in the holidays, and due to a misunderstanding the original order for her to be sent to St. Angela's had been wrongly dated. Rosalind was to stay at the school until summer nineteen eighty *two*, not nineteen eighty one. It was to be hoped that they would understand.

That was the most difficult bit accomplished. How Rosalind would take it would be another matter, though a familiarity with the methods used at St. Angela's might lead one to suppose that Rosalind would have to take it lying down – though which way up would doubtless be for Mr. Evans to decide.

Thank you, R.T.M., for this contribution, but we really cannot have you allowing the seductive Rosalind B. to slide out of the St. Angela's saga just yet! That would require a meeting of the Board of Governors – and I doubt that Mr. Grimsley, for one, would let her slip through his fingers while he can keep her to slip his fingers through!

Temptress

One Saturday afternoon at St. Angela's, Sylvia Pierce, the terror of 7A, was caught breaking bounds en route to a highly dubious assignation with the local butcher's boy. She was told to report immediately to room 2D for punishment. Mr. Moore had caught her and therefore he had earned the right to punish her. The prospect gave him a feeling of immense satisfaction; it was, to quote 'Hamlet', 'a consummation devoutly to be wished'! The precise reason for his enthusiasm will no doubt emerge in the course of this narrative.

Before punishing the girl he first took the precaution of hanging a large 'DO NOT DISTURB' notice outside the door. Underneath the printed sign he pencilled in 'Engaged until 3.40!' It was then only ten past three, so whatever he was going to do to Sylvia would take half an hour. After all, she'd broken just about every school rule in the book: smoking (he'd caught her in the act), out of uniform (she had on a low-cut white tee-shirt and white straight skirt), wearing make-up and jewellery .....every infringement was duly noted with smug satisfaction by Moore. By God, he was going to give her something she'd remember all her life!

Of course, Sylvia Pierce was no stranger to 2D. Hers was one of the most punished bottoms in the whole school. In fact it was a toss-up between Rosie Bottomley and Sylvia as to who got 'it' more often. But there was a subtle distinction as to why each of these two girls vied for the title of 'Bottom of the School!' With Rosie it was her infuriating aloofness and insouciance: with Sylvia it was because she was inveterately downright bloody NAUGHTY! She was a red-blooded Lancashire lass (her mother had been a mill-girl) and she positively exuded defiance and stroppiness. She goaded and exasperated all the staff at St. Angela's, and consequently got punished right, left and centre. But all the punishment in the world seemed not to make the slightest bit of difference to her behaviour. With her fresh-faced insolence, urchin-cropped auburn hair, and sensual heaviness about the upper thighs and buttocks, she was an ideal candidate for 2D. Her occasional outbursts of violence, too, had earned her quite a fearsome reputation. She had been suspected, more than once, of bullying the younger girls; but they'd always been far too frightened to speak out against her. But when she'd bloodied Matron's nose for no apparent reason! Well, that had earned her the supreme humiliation and disgrace of a public caning.

The following morning, during Assembly - to be precise, while the school was singing 'All Things Bright and Beautiful', she had been ceremonially denuded of skirt and pants by the headmaster. Plump, white, wobbly bottom on full display in front of the whole school, male staff included - Sylvia Pierce awaited her come-uppance while the headmaster droned on incessantly through prayers, sermon and school announcements. During prayers Sylvia was make to kneel in such a lewd position that her naked rump and fully exposed cleft caused several embarrassing erections among the male members of staff flanking the sides of the hall. Only the headmaster, Mr. Payne, and the unfortunate Sylvia occupied the stage. Any other girl - even Rosie Bottomley - would by then have been sobbing her heart out at the sheer humiliation of having to stand up there all through Assembly, bare-bottomed and woe-begone, awaiting the tender ministrations of the headmaster's cane.....but not Sylvia Pierce. She remained patently unrepentant, and her look of blazing defiance seemed to be daring, almost egging on, Payne to do his worst.

Prayers over, she rose slowly to her feet, bottom-cheeks wobbling provocatively. Aptly enough, Payne's sermon touched on the evils of violence, with particular reference to 'matron-bashing', and he earnestly exhorted Sylvia to 'turn the other cheek' - counsel which she blatantly ridiculed in a chorus-girl style outburst of bum wiggling that brought titters of admiration from the junior girls in the front row. Sylvia Pierce really was a bad lot, quite incorrigible, thoroughly depraved and a most alarming influence on the other girls. Everyone in the hall that morning knew she was going the right way about it to earn one of the biggest thrashings ever witnessed at St. Angela's. But she seemed quite unperturbed by the fact - almost as though she was looking forward to it! From the right hand side of the hall, Mr. Moore gazed in unabashed fascination at the spectacle of an unruly, lawless teenager about to have her naked bottom soundly caned. He eyed the plump rump and the erotic delights contained between those swelling cheeks and made a solemn vow to himself: "One day.....one day!"

Payne's final announcement to the assembled school was that for offering violence to a much-valued member of staff, Sylvia Pierce was going to received twelve strokes of the VERY best, with a three foot cane, laid on with all the strength he possessed! The whole school uttered a collective gasp of awe and admiration. Twelve strokes was unheard of! Let alone in public! Would she take them with her customary aplomb? Would the universally feared Sylvia Pierce break down and cry half way through her punishment? Or would she somehow manage to preserve her sullen stoicism? That was the question which hung on everyone's lips - Moore's included. Brandishing a particularly ferocious looking cane, the head ordered Sylvia to go and fetch a chair, "Over which to bend your miserable person!" he thundered. Sylvia looked him squarely in the eye.....and refused!

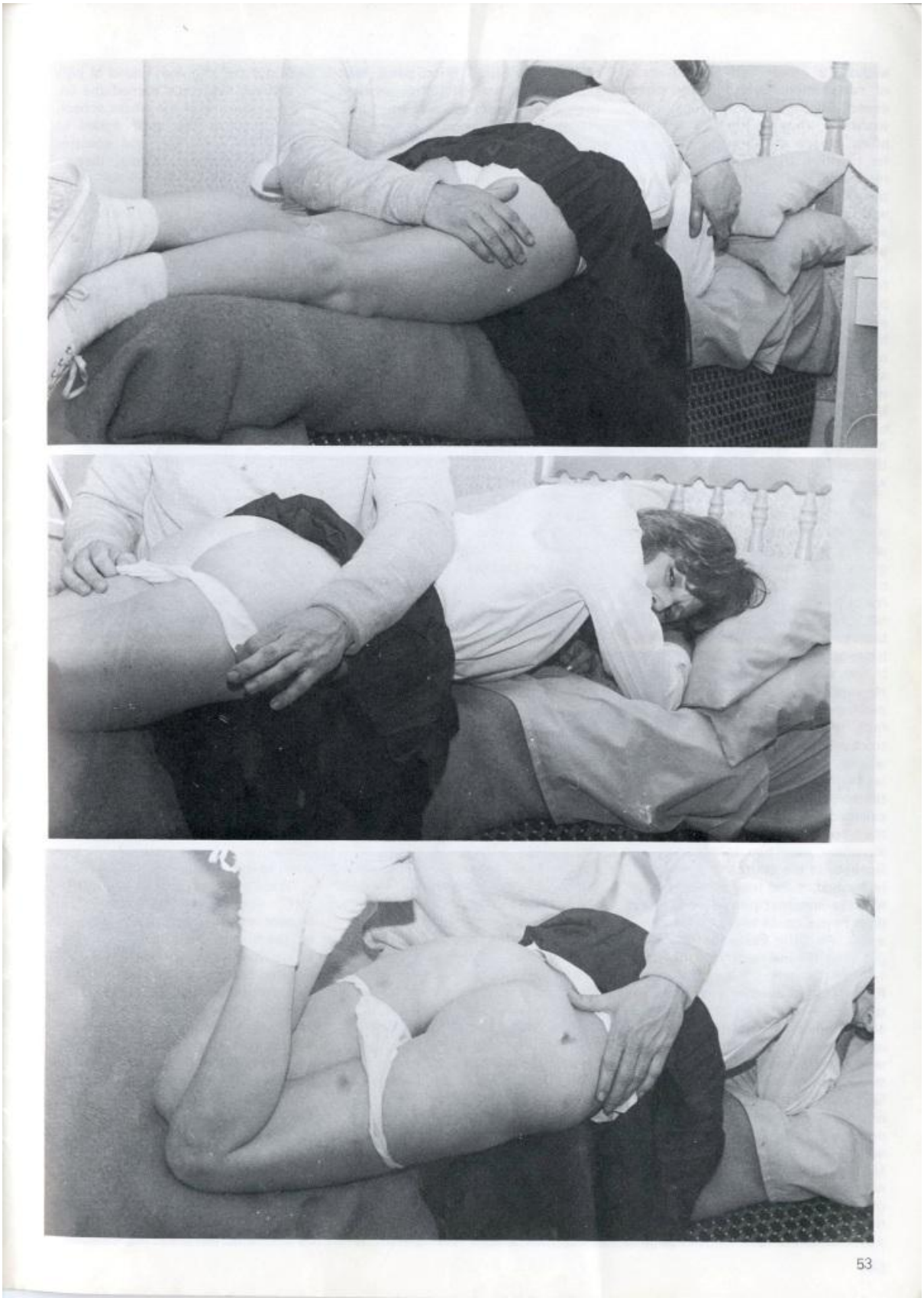
"Very well, Sylvia Pierce," the head spoke softly but menacingly, "since you seem resolved to make a completely indecent spectacle of yourself! Point your bottom in the direction of my staff and your fellow-pupils and BEND DOWN AND TOUCH YOUR TOES!"

Sylvia paled perceptively, and the superior grin on her face faded at the thought of just how much of her intimate person she'd be exposing to public gaze.

"Sylvia Pierce!" again the head's stentorian boom echoed across the hushed hall. "Are you going to do as you are told, or do I have to ask Mr. Evans and Mr. Pink to come up here and hold you down over a table while I administer this caning?"

"Do what you like, you silly old bugger! See if I care!" Sylvia muttered mutinously.

Payne's lips tightened, his eyes narrowed. Realizing that if she didn't comply, the head would indeed call for assistance, Sylvia presented her bottom to the audience and prepared to touch her toes. But not



without a rather half-hearted shrug of resignation. Sylvia Pierce possessed strong, sturdy legs, full, womanly thighs, and a cheeky, plump bottom that seemed to cry out for punitive treatment. The effort of reaching down and touching her toes cost her an audible gasp and, with her legs planted fairly widely apart, Mr. Moore was treated to an uninterrupted view of her pubic hair, her vulva and her anus. No privacy for Sylvia. That was an essential part of the punishment. Moore's erection threatened to burst free of his trousers as he drank in the sight of Sylvia's disgrace. Her bottom was swaying slightly from side to side, whether in fear or sexual mimicry Moore knew not. His armpits ran with sweat. His temples throbbed. When the headmaster slowly raised the cane Moore knew that the best was to come.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Three in a row! Moore gasped at the sheer suddenness of the onslaught upon Sylvia's bare bum. Payne had given her no time whatsoever to collect her thoughts. There she was, frantically clenching and unclenching her cheeks in visible agony. Three blueish parallel streaks were already blossoming fairly high up on her bottom where Payne had placed them. He was a superb 'canesman' - all his staff ungrudgingly acknowledged the fact. Target practice sessions - even tournaments with prizes for the winner, using as victims the luckless girls 'on report', were sometimes organised. Payne had always emerged the undisputed victor. Only the redoubtable Mr. Evans came anywhere near him in accuracy and finesse. In the staffroom it was said, in hushed, awed tones, that if a girl had the minutest pimple on her bum, then Payne could hit it, six times in a row. As Clint Eastwood was to his gun, so Payne was to his cane!

Moore watched, spellbound, as Payne landed another vicious stroke upon Sylvia's sensually swaying seat. The sheer impact of cane on bare bottom threatened to topple her over. She lurched forward clumsily as the fourth stinging stroke registered. She was breathing heavily by now, nostrils flared, little beads of perspiration running down her face, eyes wide with pain. Having avoided falling, she commenced vigorously rubbing her afflicted parts, while glaring back at her audience in a desperate attempt to preserve her air of bravado. But the facade was rapidly crumbling. Blind panic was taking over as Sylvia remembered the eight strokes awaiting her.

Still, her spirits rallied, and yet again she abused and swore at Payne. She loudly condemned him, his staff, even the good name of St. Angela's. Payne scowled at her from beneath his beetling brows, pronounced her a thorough disgrace to the school, and cursed her, under his breath, for a vulgar little tart! He called to Evans to fetch a chair over which Sylvia could bend to receive the remainder of her punishment. Still affecting stoicism, Sylvia did as she was told without a murmur, bending over the back of the chair and gripping its front bottom rungs. This posture hoisted her bottom high into the air, thus exaggerating its ample dimensions in an almost obscenely sexual manner. Now the lower portion of her buttocks, especially the part where they met her thighs, lay ready.... waiting.....totally accessible in every way. Sylvia presented a plump, bottom-wobbly target, still bearing traces of puppy-fat, despite being nearly eighteen. No problems about where to aim the remaining strokes, thought Moore. Plenty of space left for them! The only question worthy of academic speculation was whether any bottom-flesh would remain unscathed by the end of the caning. That depended on the basic symmetry of the pattern of weals which the head was busy producing at that very moment.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"Aaargh!"

Three more strokes in quick succession, continuing Payne's downward pincer movement towards her thighs, produced from Sylvia a sharp intake of breath followed by an even sharper exhalation of pain and alarm. This was succeeded by much sexy bottom-wiggling and chair rattling; but whereas previously the tail-wagging had been contrived and theatrical, now it was frantically spontaneous in its efforts to elude the pain. Moore felt almost unbearably aroused. He felt impelled to seek, for sexual relief, the privacy of the staff toilet: yet the other half of him was rooted to the spot, determined to stay and see whether Payne did manage to humble her and break her spirits.

As it happened he did not. The remaining five strokes rained down in quick succession and even though at the end, Sylvia's bottom was a study in scarlet-turning-blue, she made not the slightest sound of pain or distress and thus earned the undying admiration of the whole school. Even some of the staff ended up feeling sorry for her, and admitted that she had guts. Evans, though, was disgusted by the whole affair:

"Payne's made the little tart into a bloody martyr! He should have expelled the cow!"

Still silent, still bare-bottomed, though with heavy, tear-laden eyes, a pale and wan Sylvia - clutching what little dignity she had left - walked stiffly and painfully off the stage and up to her dormitory.

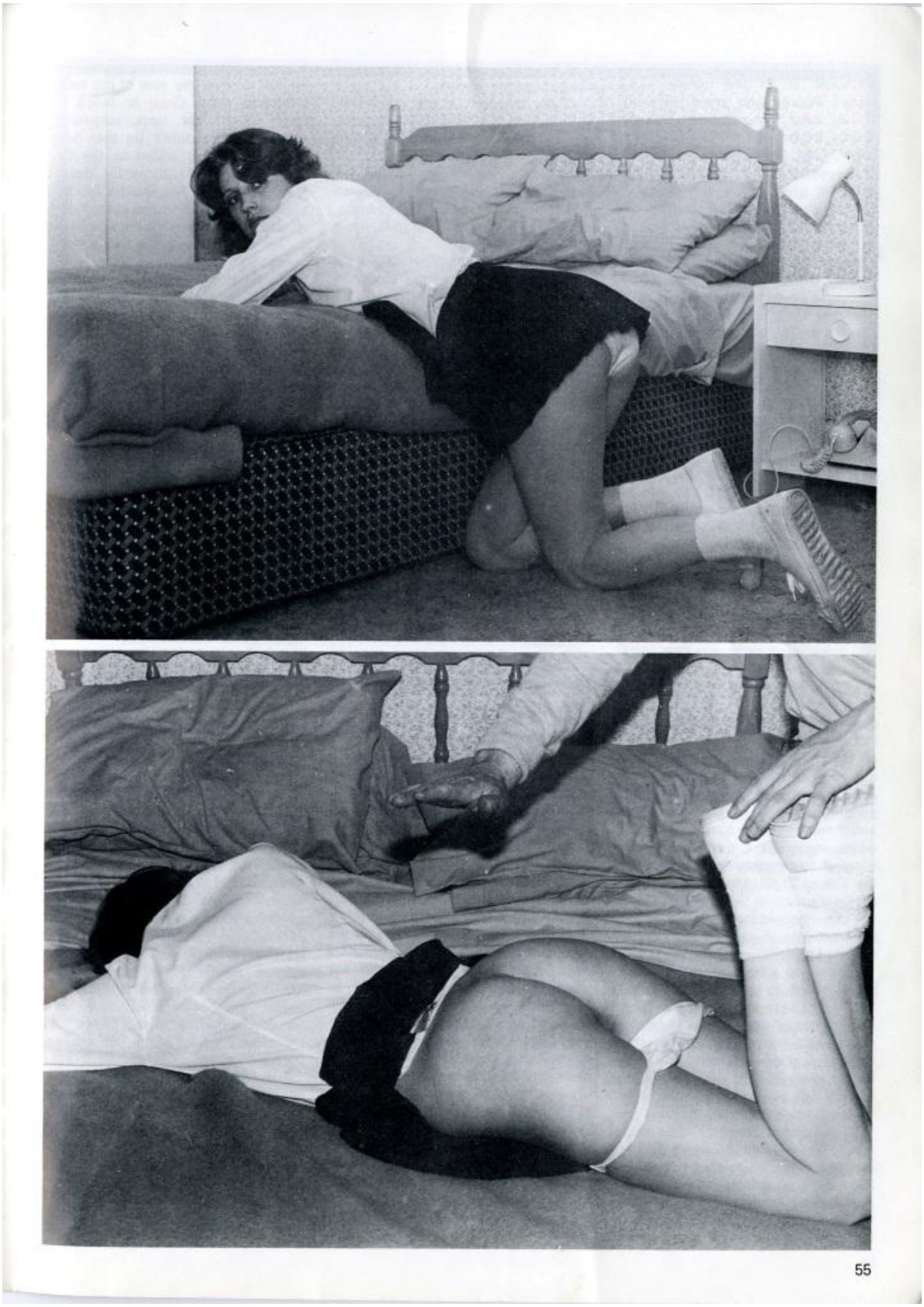
Moore's heart went out to her. While the school sang a final hymn before filing out to their classrooms, Moore left the hall unobtrusively by a side door and followed Sylvia upstairs. He found her sprawled face-downwards across her bed, tear-stained and her whole body wracked by huge sobs. Gently he placed his hand on her shoulder. She offered no resistance so he slowly moved it down her back and over the full rotundities of her wealed, aching bottom-cheeks. He knew he'd be late for his class but he didn't care. Lovingly, with soft words and caressing fingers, he comforted her while she cried like a baby. Then she turned her head and regarded him through tear-misty eyes, wonderingly, gratefully - like a whipped puppy acknowledging her master.

"No one's ever shown me kindness, sir. That's why I'm so wicked. I've done *awful* things! I'm sure I'll go to hell!"

But by now Moore was touching her between her legs, and she was overflowing with sexual arousal. He bent down to kiss her.

"Hadn't you better go to your class, sir?" she whispered. But his only answer was to lie down beside her on the narrow little bed and demonstrate to her his undoubted skill in Applied Biology. She'd been studying that particular subject from an early age but never before, she felt, had she been instructed with such expertise and loving care. It made her feel completely reborn, although her bottom still ached unbearably - and the hard, lumpy bed did little to alleviate it.

Neither Moore nor Sylvia forgot this little episode in the weeks that followed. Sylvia had suddenly become a different person: a model pupil, respectful to staff and matron, kind and compassionate to juniors, old age pensioners and stray dogs. No one



could fault her. Of course, they all attributed it to the caning - all except Moore, who knew different. Sylvia went around with a rapt, dreamy expression on her face, and Moore, too, was equally smitten. His reputation for being a disciplinarian plummetted: the naughtier pupils wreaked havoc during his Biology lessons and he merely beamed at them fondly! Communication between Moore and Sylvia was obviously difficult, if not impossible. So Sylvia conceived her daring plan. She wrote a note to him and concealed it in the exercise book containing her homework for him to mark. The note simply said:

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME! I'M GOING TO BREAK BOUNDS THIS SATURDAY. I WANT *YOU* TO CATCH ME!"

So it was that - as related earlier - wearing make-up and her sexiest possible clothes, Sylvia Pierce was well and truly nabbed by Mr. Moore. She hadn't really been going to meet the butcher's boy. That was only her alibi in case she was caught by someone else. So there they are, Moore and Sylvia, safely closetted in 2D, The door's locked and the 'Do not disturb for half an hour' notice is hanging outside. What do you think went on inside that room?

Sylvia looked delicious. She'd deliberately dressed as provocatively as she could for the occasion. She didn't want to let her mentor down. Moore regarded her with a deep sigh of satisfaction. Trim auburn urchin-cut hair; white vee-necked tee-shirt accentuating high, firm breasts; white pencil skirt slit up the back, tight and cheeky round the bum; fashionable white stockings with those teasing hints of suspenders at the fronts and the sides. To tell the truth, he didn't really want to cane her..... Yet there had to be some element of punishment - if only to satisfy his sense of professional ethics.

They stood silenty devouring each other. At length Moore spoke: "Right, Sylvia. You know by now what happens in this room. And, much as it grieves me, I can't let you off without *some* kind of punishment. Rules are meant to be obeyed, not flouted. Understand?" Sylvia nodded happily, eager to get down to business.

"You broke bounds, and you're improperly - though delightfully - dressed. I'm not going to cane you because I wouldn't like to be responsible for getting your bottom into the sad state that Mr. Payne got it. By the way.....er, is it better now?"

Again Sylvia nodded, like the cat about to get the cream.

"*Quite* better?" Moore persisted.

"Ooh yes, sir! It's PERFECT...um, that is, I mean it's perfectly alright now. Ready for anything!"

She was trying to give him all the encouragement she dared. But Moore didn't really need encouraging.

"Sylvia, I've decided to give you a jolly good spanking!"

"Ooooh! Yes PLEASE, sir!" Sylvia's hands were already at the zipper of her skirt.

"No, Sylvia. Leave it on! To give you a fighting chance, so to speak, I'll begin by spanking you over your skirt. Then you'll remove it and we'll carry on again over your knickers. Then we'll finish up with 'knickers down' and you bare-bottomed over my knee! understand?"

Sylvia's eyes sparkled and her knees went weak with anticipated ecstasy. He couldn't have thrilled her more if he'd offered her diamonds and pearls. Sylvia was a girl of essentially simple tastes. She remembered how she'd felt when they'd made love after she'd been caned. A spanking would bring her all the attention and feeling of being controlled and cared for that she so desperately sought - with none of the attendant agonies of a caning.

Moore seated himself on one of the plain wooden chairs in 2D, and Sylvia, with almost unseemly haste and enthusiasm, plonked herself down across his lap, noting with some pride the already burgeoning bulge in his trousers. She had a generously spread pair of buttocks and they filled out the seat of her tight white skirt to perfection. The cotton was stretched to bursting point. Moore knew that it would offer her considerable bum protection, but the infliction of pain was not his objective. It was going to be a deliciously erotic experience and it would fulfill one of Moore's most powerful and recurring fantasies. Ever followed a plump-bottomed girl in tight pencil skirt, wiggling her way down High Street? Ever had the overwhelming desire to upend her there and then, and wallop her in full view of all the passers-by? So had Mr. Moore!

Affectionately he patted the tightly skirted rump of the lovely girl lying submissively across his lap. Sylvia began to breathe deeply, instinctively tightening her cheeks and growing aware of the warm stickiness invading her knickers. Then, lovingly and gently at first, he commenced smacking her all over the seat of her tautly stretched skirt. Once or twice his hand caught her back suspender-straps. But he didn't let that deter him - in fact it added to the fun! When he felt he'd sufficiently 'dusted down' the seat of her smartly tailored skirt, he made her stand up to unzip it, and slip it down. There she stood in her white stockings, white suspender-belt and flimsy little white nylon panties. As she turned away from him to place her skirt on the table, Moore noticed the mottled-red spank marks already displaying themselves above her knickers and below, on the tops of her thighs. Then she had to come down again across his knee for him to smack her over her knickers. She was aware, once again, of his rampant masculinity.....That certainly added a lot of excitement to what, for her, was already a thrilling experience..... especially when he started cupping his hand and moulding it to the curve of her buttocks - thus creating meaty 'THWACKS!' which resounded around the room whenever contact between hand and flesh was made.

How she wriggled! How she squirmed! But his only answer was to hold her in a vice-like grip around her waist, and she started to moan and sob in time to the rhythm of the spanking. Next he told the hot-bottomed girl to stand up again, pull down her panties, and take them off completely.

She didn't need telling twice, and while she was obeying him, Moore quickly divested himself of his trousers. Intimate body-contact thus aroused their already hungry appetites, and the whole operation lost whatever vestiges of punitive associations that remained. Moore's questing hand went here, there, and everywhere. He tried smacking her widthways, across her bum: then altered the angle of his hand by ninety degrees, as he smacked her up the length of each buttock in turn. He even aimed glancing blows into her downy cleft which, of course, Sylvia enjoyed immensely.

Five minutes later, Dawn Inchley, walking down the corridor past 2D, saw the notice pinned to the door, heard unmistakeable female groans emanating from the room, and assumed that the usual punishment scene was taking place. But we, dear readers, know different.....

[redacted]

KNICKERS AND NYLONS AT ST. ANGELA'S

The subject of Peggy Canforth's knickers, noted in 'On Report Twice', highlights an area of some little confusion at St. Angela's: for unquestionably a variety of knickers - blue, white, cotton, nylon - could be found. What was the official position? Were they all allowed, or was Mr. Fowler correct? Indeed, it was a matter which intrigued more than a few minds: and not just those local rustics who, in the nearby village on weekends when girls might have a pass out of school, would assemble on the Green, sitting on the memorial seat conveniently placed at the 'Stop' sign, and await these young ladies as they descended, skirts aloft, from their bicycles. For at a more exalted level even the Ministry, in Whitehall, must be interested to judge by the frequency with which school Inspectors needed to check: (Now lift your skirt, Miss, and let me have a look. Right up please.... that's it. Ah...yes...mmmm...!)

Well let it be said at the outset that Mr. Fowler was strictly within the letter of the law in maintaining that cotton knickers were the correct attire at St. Angela's. And thus he could if he wished quite properly confiscate the nylon knickers worn by Peggy: and also of course have an excuse to order the then knicker-less girl to be back at 2D later in the evening for punishment. All very nice for Mr. Fowler! But the situation was not quite that simple; because in contrast many masters, and including the Head and also Matron, would raise no objection to the wearing of nylon knickers.

The original specifications for St. Angela attire did indeed call for cotton knickers, specifically navy-blue for winter and white Aertex for summer. But this clear-cut seasonal distinction had never really been enforced in practice: for one thing it was never clear, especially in the English climate, when winter and summer actually started and finished. So that while in general this plan was followed - and girls would normally be wearing blue ones in Winter Term and in, say, June it would be the thinner white Aertex - there were large periods when, if you went round lifting skirts, you would find both types.

But more important than this was the matter of nylon knickers, a subject which seemed especially to exercise Mr. Fowler. Nylon knickers had undoubted attractions for many girls, especially older ones, who tended to think that cotton pants, whether white or blue, were distinctly schoolgirlish and old-fashioned. And they also knew that most masters (though not Mr. Fowler) would turn a blind eye to this minor transgression of the rules, content in this to follow the lead of the Headmaster who was only interested in taking knickers down and was just as happy to take down a nylon pair, thank-you very much. Furthermore Matron didn't mind as long as your name tag was in your pants. So that in fact quite a few girls, the older ones especially, frequently wore nylon knickers. But they were normally careful not to do

so if there was any chance that Mr. Fowler would get to see them: and this was where Peggy had slipped up.

It wasn't the end of the world though. She would get a caning that evening; and after the caning, for a pretty girl like Peggy, Mr. Fowler's unctuous voice telling her that 'if girls break the rules etc. etc.' while his nasty hand foldled her bum and, as if he had no control over it, just happened to slip in between her legs. And then she would probably be made to go without knickers for the rest of the week; and she wouldn't get the knickers back of course (Mr. Fowler by now had quite a collection) so she would be short a pair. But it would be no trouble to get her Mum to send a replacement pair, and the chances were that Miss Peggy Canforth would continue wearing them - only perhaps a bit more circumspectly in future.

The Head, though, was not bothered about nylon knickers: in fact he definitely liked the feel of taut nylon on a girl's bottom.... And there was also that sensuous slippery feel when he was slipping them down off a youthful behind.... Yes, in general he was tolerant of anything, blue or white, of regulation pattern (and indeed there had been one girl, now no longer at St. Angela's, who had a couple of pairs of white silk ones and he had found these quite acceptable, in fact particularly stimulating to take down) But beyond that one had to draw the line: otherwise one could rapidly get into a state of anarchy in the knicker department.

In particular one had to be alert at the beginning of Term when, straight from home and away from the discipline of St. Angela's, girls could be wearing almost anything under their skirts. Because once a girl had brought a pair of non-uniform knickers to school she was sure to continue wearing them, if only to impress her friends. Wisely, therefore, he made a point of informal knicker checks when girls arrived, wandering around lifting skirts (though not of course in view of any parents who might be present). This practice had definitely born fruit the previous year when he had discovered that Andela Whipley, while apparently quite properly dressed in school uniform, was in fact wearing French knickers of a particularly saucy pink shade.

These knickers, as it happened, had been given to Angela as a Christ-

mas present by her boyfriend and in a rush at the last moment when getting ready for school she had been unable to find any regulation pants, and it was either the French knickers or nothing. And on a train journey - probably in a crowded standing-room-only situation - nothing, i.e. no knickers, could possibly invite just a little too much interest.

Well, such garments really were beyond the pale and the Head was quite shocked, as he told Angela when he'd got her in the privacy of his study shortly after. Apart from their provocative shade, didn't she realise that such knickers with their deliberate looseness were an open invitation to any strange man, indeed any street hooligan, to... well, insert his hand....?

As he spoke the Head had pulled Angela face-down across his lap, rather in a spanking position, and then pushed her skirt up to again reveal the offending knickers. It wasn't spanking that he had in mind, though, but rather a demonstration of what he had just been saying. Angela squirmed sharply ('Ooooh Sir!') as the Head's hand went straight in between her legs and in her knickers.

She was, as it happened, well aware of their possibilities without any demonstration from the Head. Her boyfriend may indeed have bought the knickers for this very purpose: certainly he had taken advantage of their potential in this regard, with, it must be said, Angela's co-operation. Not only that but coming to school on the train that very morning the gentleman pushed up against her in the crowded corridor had been apparently all set to take similar advantage. He had got his hand up her skirt, as gentlemen in crowded corridors frequently will, and discovering the loose knickers had started sliding two fingers up inside, causing Angela's heart to beat excitedly. Would he actually....? But at the crucial moment, fortunately or unfortunately, they had arrived at her station. She then had quite a struggle getting out as he didn't seem to want to let her go - which was also exciting, but not as exciting as what she believed had been about to happen.

So yes, Angela certainly knew about French knickers: but it was evident that the Head was intent on making quite sure as his fingers.... 'Ooh Sir!' Well there was no station to come along and interrupt proceedings now and her heart started beating madly again as those fingers exhibited an undoubted mastery of female anatomy. They parted the womanly lips and the index digit knowingly found Angela's vagina entrace and pushed stiffly in... 'Oh! Ooooh!' To think that the Head.... 'Oooooh!'

Well, what did they say, 'If you've no choice just lie back (or in this case lie face down over your Head's lap) and enjoy it.....' Angela certainly had no choice and her eyes glazed as the finger started a rhythmic in and out motion, a motion to which her hips began an automatic response. It was just what her boyfriend had done but, well, one would have to say the Head's was a more expert, a more practiced, version. She was quite amazed that Mr. Payne would do this, certainly it was amazing that he could do it quite so.... 'Oooh!'.. fantastically. And certainly he shouldn't be doing it, but.... Angela, flushed and hot, hips thrusting rhythmically, gave a squeal as she realised she was coming.

Having unequivocally made his point the Head removed his hand and helped the now-shaking Angela to her feet: 'You see what I mean, Miss?' he asked. The flushed girl, adjusting her clothes could only mumble 'Y...yes Sir.' He confiscated the knickers of course, making her take them off there and then; but seeing she was still a bit shaky he didn't punish her immediately, telling her to return after supper for her caning. And it was not a severe one, more in the category of what he would term a 'touching up'.

The knickers went in the bottom drawer of the Head's desk and were duly forgotten - but not by Angela. They had after all been a present from her boyfriend, and at the end of Term she rather cheekily went to the Head requesting their return. 'Please Sir. I....I'll do anything Sir, if you'll let me have them back.' And as if to emphasise this point she moved in close to him as he stood by his window, so close that a pair of firm, obviously unbrassiered, breasts rubbed against his arm.

The Head looked sternly quizzical. Whatever could she mean? Was she actually suggesting.... could it be.... sexual intercourse? That was a most serious matter, morally quite indefensible: more to the point if one were to be found out one would be

quite simply finished. Highmindedly he dismissed the thought, the temptation, from his mind. He did run his hand over those breasts though, and really they were very good....the nipples especially, erect and prominent for a 17-year-old. As he told her, she was a very well-developed girl. 'Thankyou Sir. It must be our gym classes. Sir. You could undo my blouse, Sir, if you wanted....to see better..' Mr. Payne had to refuse this as he had an appointment due; but he gave a word of fatherly advice: 'I shouldn't let that boyfriend play with them too much. It will only make both of you rather frustrated.' 'Oh no Sir. I won't Sir. And in a somewhat relaxed mood (not only Angela's breasts but it was also the end of Term) he did return the knickers.

Outside his study Angela gave a quick look up and down the corridor, then slipped her school pants off and replaced them with the French knickers. Ready for her boyfriend: or for any interesting gentleman on the train home.

Naturally pink French knickers were not discovered on every first day of term, but this example does perhaps indicate the scope of what a Head had to deal with. For if he didn't keep on his toes there would be no standards whatsover, with girls claiming that just anything could be worn.

-o-O-o-

Knickers were one thing, but another aspect which might also cause confusion to the casual visitor to the school was the matter of knee socks and nylons. Were there rules governing the wearing of these and if so, what? For at any instant both could be seen, and worn in both Upper and Lower Forms.

To understand this subject one has to go back to St. Angela's beginnings. The excellent uniform designed by Rev. Farrould was admired by all his fellow Governors: but there was then a sharp division of opinion. Mr. Grimsley was very keen on white knee socks. It was, he said, not only attractive but also most health-promoting for a girl to have the whole of her thighs bare under her skirt: and he started running his hand up and down the bare thighs of the girl modelling the outfit with knee socks.

But Col. Mayne, possibly as a result of watching too many St.

Trinians films, was equally strongly in favour of nylons. Dark nylons with a white suspender belt were the thing, said Col. Mayne, enthusiastically slipping his own hand up the skirt of the girl wearing nylons. (It should perhaps be said that these hands were going up skirts only after the departure of the solitary female Governor, Mrs. Wilder, who left saying that she would be happy with either alternative.) The Rev. Farrould said that he also would be happy with either. He liked both, and indeed was looking enviously at the liberties which Col. Mayne and Mr. Grimsley were taking with the two girls; liberties which he, Rev. Farrould, would only dare take in private (and even then with a rather guilty look on his face).

Well it was a quandary, a stalemate, with neither Governor willing to shift his ground. And so a typical English compromise was agreed on. Both forms of dress could be regarded as official uniform and it would be left to the Head to specify one or other for any particular activity or function, if he so wished.

The Head in fact had no strong preference: he liked both knee socks and nylons in the same way that he liked both cotton and nylon knickers. But feeling that he should add something to these weighty deliberations he suggested that for visits to church on Sunday mornings nylons would be most appropriate for Upper Forms and knee socks for Lower. This proposal met with general approval.

Of course when Mr. Grimsley was paying a visit to the school any girls invited to have tea or coffee with him in the Head's study would naturally be wearing knee socks; and likewise for Col. Mayne's visits the girls would be wearing nylons. And similarly if a girl was going to Col. Mayne's house for tea on Sunday afternoon; or if Mr. Grimsley was taking a couple of girls out in his car (for whatever it was he liked to do on such trips, the Head did not bother to speculate). All this was simply being diplomatic and keeping one's Governors happy. But otherwise girls could make their own choice.

-o-O-o-

So - knee socks and nylons, blue and white knickers, cotton and nylon ones (and of course none at all when a girl had had hers confiscated for some reason or other) - they could all be found. And to Col.Mayne, Chairman of Governors, this in its way epitomised all that was best in the English tradition. Not on the one hand, the strict regimentation one might expect to find in some continental countries nor, on the other, the anything-goes freedom of dress one was led to believe was tolerated in an American school. In fact it was a very English regime, he thought, and it just went to show that there were some things we could still do better than those foreigners. And one needed to remember it, what with all these people nowadays who could only see what is wrong with the country. Yes, we might have lost the Empire but we would soldier on.:

Such positive thoughts were especially likely to come to Col. Mayne on those already mentioned Sunday afternoons in term time. It was then indeed that the pulse quickened, that he could look at life with renewed vigour, for always on Sundays, unless something extremely pressing came up, he had sent over to him a pretty pupil from the school. To have tea while Mrs. Mayne was conveniently out, with her Sunday School class for tiny tots.

Yes indeed, and to take a closer look at this why not observe that first Sunday following half-term. Events follow their routine course which is how it should be for an ex-Army man. Yes, the Col. is in his normal Sunday afternoon good spirits as he walks in the spacious grounds of Mayne Hall with the chosen visitor for the day, Christine Hunt of 7B. And as they approach the flight of stone steps leading up to the conservatory, where tea is routinely taken, he stands aside to allow the young lady to go first: a gesture owing much to ingrained politeness, but also conveniently enabling him to admire the pupil's enticing rear aspect. He gazes with pleasure: the shining blonde head, the St. Angela's blazer, the swinging skirt covering who-knows-what delights, while below, as an appetizer, the knees, the flexing calves, the slim ankles, all in the sheen of sheer nylons, the seams, he notes, most admirably straight.

And under that swinging skirt - the shapely bottom, the knickers? Well, Col. Mayne like the Head is easy to please in the knickers department. They can be of any of the commonly found St. Angela types, the only sure thing is that very shortly, after Miss Hunt has had her tea and cakes, they will be coming down.

For Christine, like all Sunday afternoon visitors to Mayne Hall, has a sealed envelope addressed to the Col. in the pocket of her blazer. He will open it while they have tea but of course it will contain no surprises for he knows pretty well what the contents will be. In the Head's precise script it will say that Miss Hunt has either done something or other (been late for Assembly or a meal, run across forbidden grass, etc) or not done something or other (her Prep, dressed neatly, etc.) and will then continue: 'Miss Hunt has not yet received punishment for this offence and if you feel so inclined you might like to administer a suitable correction.'

Needless to say the Col. always did, happy to do his duty in this regard and always in the privacy of his conservatory after tea. Well, it was his favourite place, the heady humid atmosphere surrounding his exotic plants reminding him powerfully of those grand old days of the Empire, of India: and of course it is here that he keeps his canes and his strap, carefully concealed from the eyes of his wife who really could not be expected to understand these matters.

Yes, the conservatory is a marvellous place to deal with a girl after she's had her tea and then been appraised of the letter's contents; a little 'tut-tut'-ing, a sad shake of the head, and then two hands up under her skirt to the waistband of her knickers, drawing them down, to her nylon tops. And then position her over the arm of his easy chair....the skirt raised....above those splendidly taut nylons....and then....ah.... the plump pale flesh....twin spheres, firm, resiliant....and there....(Hmm, Miss Hunt was evidently quite a grown-up lady)....her curling brown bush and in it, peeping out, that special something which most girls so hated to show....

But to the matter in hand....the selection of a cane....or perhaps maybe the strap for this particular pupil? To give her bottom the attention that all young ladies' bottoms should get. And which at St. Angela's they unquestionably did get. Yes, there was no doubt it was a fine school, embodying the very best British traditions. And it was a pleasure, indeed a privilege, to be associated with it■

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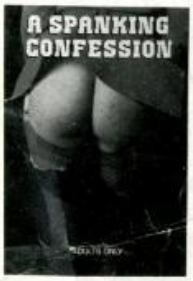

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